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DUKE PERSIGNY.

M. FIALIN has arrived at the summit of his long and successful career. He made himself DE PERSIGNY, and his Sovereign has now made him DUKE PERSIGNY. That old condition of things when he was FIALIN and an attorney is now buried, like ancient Rome or Jerusalem, under the incrustations of successive dignities; and even Mr. KINGLAKE must acknowledge that a Duke is a Duke. His honours appear appropriate and well-deserved. He has been the faithful friend of the most extraordinary adventurer of modern times, and a French Dukedom is not much to get out of the gigantic haul which was made by the Conspirators of December. Nor has his rise been regarded in France with the same shuddering and repugnance which have been awakened by the brilliant fortunes of the Duke MORNAY. Duke PERSIGNY has had all the leniency extended to him which is excited by the spectacle of intense and ardent fidelity. As he said of himself twenty years ago, when tried for his share in the Boulogne landing, he was born with an instinct to serve. It was his nature to long for the pleasure of attaching himself to some one who wanted a hearty, untiring, devoted obedience, and even the brooding and melancholy mind of the EMPEROR must be sensible of the solace which this sort of devotion yields to its object. The EMPEROR himself has something of the same feeling of fidelity to his friends, and has never suffered the meanest of his adherents to go unrewarded. He has even repaid a certain amount of aid given him in the investigation of Roman history by the appointment of his assistant to the Ministry of the Interior. Therefore he can hardly honour too highly the man who honoured, and loved, and believed in him years ago, when he himself was discredited, and was no nearer Empire than a tame eagle and some sham regimentals could carry him. Duke PERSIGNY has also managed to keep himself clear of the baser taints of the Imperial history. He has not gorged himself with the plunder that falls into the grasp of speculators whose private intelligence is sure to be correct. He took no active and prominent part in the *coup d'état*, and was satisfied with discharging the friendly duty of seeing that the PRESIDENT was as comfortable as possible while it was going on. Since his days of greatness came to him, he has been in England as Ambassador, and has done his best to keep things straight between the two countries, and has avoided those silly diplomatic struggles which were one of the most discreditable amusements of the Monarchy of July. Therefore, as Imperialists alone can be made Dukes under the Empire, it is reasonable that he should be a Duke, and should taste whatever satisfaction a brand new title can give in a country which professes to despise titles altogether.

And Duke PERSIGNY is something more than an Imperialist and a devoted friend of the EMPEROR. He is, perhaps, the one man in France who really and sincerely believes in the Empire—who thinks it a good and glorious thing in itself, and not a sad necessity of evil days. There are many indications that the EMPEROR has not this kind of faith in the Empire. He is perfectly aware that there are many wishes of the better nature of France which it leaves unsatisfied, and that it exists at the price of constantly proving by success that it has a right to exist. The fortunes of the little boy who plays by his side in a corporal's uniform are as obscure as those of the Count of PARIS. But Duke PERSIGNY appears to feel no doubts or difficulties. The Empire, he honestly thinks, gives exactly what France wants and must continue to want, and denies exactly what France has no use for. It gives strength and consideration abroad, it gives prosperity and five-franc pieces at home. The French want to be governed, and they want money for their little pleasures; and the Empire gives them a Government which it is useless to resist, and which puts them in the way of getting the money they

desire. What they do not want, although they may think they do, is the power of writing and talking on politics. Duke PERSIGNY sees in this writing and talking nothing but the idle gratification of an irrational vanity. It seems ludicrous to him to suppose that a country can be happier or better because a hundred or two of noisy busybodies make long speeches to each other in a big room; and if he is shaken for a moment by noticing how fondly the English prize that liberty of talking and writing which seems to him so superfluous, he immediately makes himself comfortable by putting down political liberty as a curious English taste, like fox-hunting and prize-fighting, with which Frenchmen have nothing to do. Accordingly, when he was Minister of the Interior, no one was so ruthless or so reckless as Duke PERSIGNY—not because he was more violent or cruel than other Imperialists, but simply because the things he was opposing seemed to him to be theoretically so wholly unnecessary. When France had got exactly the right government under exactly the right governor, and was flourishing and getting rich, it appeared merely childish that an absurd provincial editor or candidate should create local difficulties. The friends of political liberty are to Duke PERSIGNY much what organ-grinders are to quiet people who do not like music. The noise is not wanted opposite their door. It is not that there is any ill-will to the poor fellows who take this means of earning a livelihood, but there is a sensation that it is very disagreeable while they are there, and very pleasant when they go away. In the next street the music may be liked, and Duke PERSIGNY has ascertained that in England people actually like newspapers, and speakers who go on commenting, and criticising, and debating, and shouting about things which concern the Government. All he can say is, that his is not the establishment where such people are welcome, and if they will not move on he calls the police in a moment. To take this view of the Empire, and to regard it as simply good, and other forms of government as simply bad, at least for France, is not the sign of a wide and enlightened mind; but it is by no means inexpedient that there should be one Imperialist who thinks in this way. The bulk of Imperialists are either like the EMPEROR, and think it a great political speculation, or they are like the Duke MORNAY, and regard it as a very profitable job, or they are like M. TROPLONG, or M. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC, and look on it as the only practical means of getting on in the world. There are, indeed, literary Imperialists of the type of M. STE. BEUVE, who have a theory in favour of the Empire; but then their theory is simply that, in a general despair of everything, it is not unwise to acquiesce in what exists. But Duke PERSIGNY believes in the Empire, and would believe in it if it were upset. And it certainly lends a sort of dignity and respectability to any new system of religion or government that there should be at least one person who has complete faith in it. The usual declamations of obsequious *Préfets* awaken no other sensation than that of weariness; but when Duke PERSIGNY praises the Empire, and the EMPEROR, and everything Imperial, there is that degree of weight in what he says which never fails to accompany sincerity of conviction; and if the importance of so useful a speaker can be increased by his being made a Duke, it is obviously wise to make the most of him.

Perhaps, too, there has been another reason why this honour has been granted to this faithful Imperialist, and, like some English officials, he may have received a great recompense because he was not quite fit for office. We, who are so accustomed to see peerages conferred on incompetent Whigs who are so very weak that there is nothing to be done but to shelve them, cannot wonder that a Minister who has lately given his master some trouble should be made a Duke. It is impossible for Englishmen to fathom the precise value of a title in France, and to estimate how much greater a man Duke PERSIGNY is than he used to be. We have nothing like

a French Duke in England. But then it is not easy for us even to comprehend our own titles, and few persons could say positively whether it added to the ludicrousness or the dignity of an Alderman to be knighted. To be made a Duke in France evidently confers some sort of social distinction which Ministers and ex-Ministers care to enjoy, and the prize, whether little or great, is one which its holder cares to accept. If this is the cost at which the EMPEROR has got his old friend out of office, the price does not seem heavy to pay; for the EMPEROR did not find Duke PERSIGNY exactly what he wished as a Minister of the Interior. He was too thoroughgoing an Imperialist, and he excited too much opposition. There was nothing he did, probably, of which the EMPEROR disapproved, but he was too conspicuous a man and too intimately associated with the fortunes of the EMPEROR to make it desirable that he should incur a very large amount of popular ill-will. Since his successor has been appointed, no change has been made in the domestic policy of the Government. Journals are warned, and editors crushed, and unsuccessful *Préfets* dismissed, and electors bullied as much as they used to be. But then the author of all this havoc is an obscure man. No one noticed his rise, and no one would notice his fall. Whatever he does, his name will scarcely be mentioned, for he is too obviously the mere creature of the real Government to awaken personal ill-will. If the EMPEROR wants to appear again as more wise and liberal than his Ministers, and to get credit at the expense of his own subordinates, nothing will be easier than to order the present Minister of the Interior into oblivion, and raise fresh hopes by a fresh appointment. But while Duke PERSIGNY held the office it was not easy to supersede him in a moment, and his faults appeared to be also the faults of the friend whom he had served so long. The relations of Duke PERSIGNY with his master will be smoother and pleasanter now that he is a Duke and not a Minister.

#### RUSSIA AND POLAND.

LORD RUSSELL has thought it expedient to publish his last despatch to Lord NAPHER, in preparation for Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's answer, which has lately been forwarded to Baron BRUNNOW; and a similar course has been taken by Count RECHBERG and M. DROUYN DE L'HUYS. Diplomatic controversies depend so little on style, or even on argument, that it is comparatively uninteresting to criticise the expressions of Foreign Ministers. Perhaps Lord RUSSELL would have been better advised if he had refrained from designating the Emperor of RUSSIA as King of POLAND, inasmuch as the obligations imposed by the Royal title are only coextensive with the modern and limited Kingdom which was formerly called the Duchy of Warsaw. When the text of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's answer is published, the Russian controversialist will probably have obtained a second literary triumph. There appears to be little doubt that, in substance, the Russian policy is thus far unchanged, and that the warning which forms the peroration of Lord RUSSELL's despatch, and which appears equally in the French and Austrian despatches, still continues to be applicable. Russia is responsible for her acts, and after the defeat of LELWEL, and the terror which has been inspired by the proscriptions of MOURAVIEFF, the Imperial Government is probably but little disposed to repudiate the responsibility. It remains to be determined whether the Western Powers and Austria acknowledge any counter-liability, but it appears to be generally understood that all purpose of war has been laid aside, at least for the present year. Moral pressure is but a feeble mode of resisting material force, but the Russian Government will do well to remember Lord RUSSELL's statement that every civilized State has protested against the wrongs inflicted on Poland. It was not necessary for an English minister to refer, by way of exception, to the eager sympathy with which the Northern Americans salute every fresh encroachment of an arbitrary Government on a people which is attempting to achieve independence. Political morality assumes a paradoxical type when it crosses the Atlantic.

The prospects of Poland are, unfortunately, but little brightened by the sympathies of Europe, but there is still a vague possibility that the ruin of the country may be averted by a change of policy. It is true that the Russian Government has thought it expedient to disavow, through its official organ, the definite schemes of reform which had been announced in some foreign papers. Nothing can be more justifiable than the practice of keeping official secrets, and of discouraging the eager curiosity of political prophets. Even if a Constitution is in preparation, the Government has a right to select the most convenient season for promulgating its benevolent designs; and it may be still more important to prevent disappointment by contradicting

premature and exaggerated rumours. If it were necessary to hazard a conjecture, it might seem not improbable that real or ostensible reforms are in preparation, but that they are suspended in the hope that the Polish insurrection may be forcibly suppressed. There would be much diplomatic advantage in intimating to Foreign Powers that the concessions which have been suggested or demanded will at the proper time be exceeded by the spontaneous liberality of the EMPEROR. A Constitution conferred on the Kingdom of Poland in conformity with the promises of ALEXANDER I. would be altogether illusory, though it might perhaps silence the remonstrances of England, as far as they are founded on the Treaty of Vienna. The Poles have not forgotten that NICHOLAS, in the mere insolence of tyranny, caused their former Constitution to be packed in a cart and forwarded to Moscow, where it is perhaps still exhibited as an historical curiosity. His brother had previously retracted the promises he had given, and his perfidy was far more popular with his native subjects than the intermittent generosity which had been exhibited under the influence of CZARTORISKI. There is no longer a Polish army, and a Polish administration is notoriously compatible with the baneful power which was lately exercised by WIELOPOLSKI. Even if the Poles of the Kingdom were satisfied with the grant of representative institutions, the provinces annexed to the Empire would derive no advantage from the re-enactment of the provisions of Vienna. ALEXANDER I. had at one time really meditated the reconstitution of ancient Poland, not perhaps without a hope that, at some future period, he might reclaim Galicia and Posen from the allies and former accomplices of Russia. The present EMPEROR and his Minister have repeatedly announced that the annexed provinces are an integral part of the Empire, and Prince GORTSCHAKOFF recently took occasion to declare that one of the old capitals of Poland was the authentic cradle of the Russian race. If the Emperor ALEXANDER is disposed to conciliate England and France and Austria, he may show, without difficulty, that the Polish problem would be more effectually solved by a reform which should affect equally all portions of the monarchy.

If the great divisions of the Empire were represented by local Assemblies, it would be difficult to arrange any system of grouping so perverse that the Polish element would not predominate in one or more of the Western clusters of provinces. At Wilna or at Kiew, as at other local capitals, the gentry must necessarily take the lead, because no other class is at present qualified or disposed to manage public affairs. In all the provinces which are disputed by Russian and Polish ethnologists, the landed proprietors, and even the middle classes, are indisputably Polish and thoroughly patriotic. A representative system would therefore provide the Poles with provincial centres of unity, and with facilities for political activity; and the rights of the partially enfranchised nation would in some degree be guaranteed by the interest of the Russian nobles in the common Constitution. Under any circumstances, Russian liberty must, for many generations, be imperfect and unsteady; but the Poles require, above all things, a security against the alliance of a tyrannical Government with their own ignorant peasantry. Representative institutions would almost necessarily increase the power of the upper classes, who would find it their interest to extend to their humbler countrymen some part of the education which has formed and confirmed their own patriotic convictions. It is remarkable that, according to the testimony of competent observers, every inhabitant of Poland who can read and write is devoted to the national cause. The agents of the Austrian massacres of 1846, and of the Russian atrocities of 1863, are the rude and selfish multitude which has not yet learned to appreciate any consideration beyond material bribes. It is possible that, notwithstanding the extravagant cruelties of his generals and his civil officers, the Emperor ALEXANDER may still wish to benefit Poland, and that he may even recognise the impossibility of reconciling the nation to his dynasty without conceding to it a national existence. If he also meditates the grant of representative institutions to Russia, he may perceive that he has the opportunity of yielding without appearing to submit to external pressure. In the meantime, his Government seems, if possible, to have redoubled its rigour, and the Poles themselves are still resolved to prosecute their desperate resistance. The Russians rely on the severity of the approaching season to draw the insurgent bands from their fastnesses in the woods; but the rising commenced in the month of January, and, although last winter was unusually mild, the national leaders must have been prepared for the usual rigour of the climate. In this, as in other respects, the possibility of successful resistance mainly depends on the



inclination of the peasantry. It is said that in some districts the country people are beginning to respect the power and obstinacy of the insurgent Government, and consequently to transfer to its agents a portion of the allegiance which has hitherto been paid to Russian functionaries. If the villages and cottages of Poland were placed at the disposal of the insurgents, they might perhaps suffer less from the frosts of winter than the army of occupation.

While Warsaw is treated like a besieged fortress, and while suspected patriots are sent off in batches to Siberia, the Russian Ambassador at Paris is reported, on apocryphal authority, to have received a memoir on the internal organization of the Empire to be communicated to the French Government. The offer of an amnesty and of a Conference would have been more directly conciliatory; but if the Russian Memorandum had corresponded with this report it might, perhaps, have been equally significant. As no foreign Power can claim to interfere with the government or constitution of the Russian Empire, a voluntary statement of projected reforms could only be intended to satisfy the statesmen of Europe that Poland was likely to derive substantial advantages from the re-organization of the entire Monarchy. If, indeed, Prince GORSHAKOFF dwells merely on social changes, such as the emancipation of the serfs, his representations will be irrelevant to the complaints of the Poles and to the remonstrances of the three Powers. The elevation of the peasantry may operate as a positive injury to the national party if the rights of the educated and responsible classes are not at the same time extended and defined. Political concessions, on the other hand, can only be made to those who are qualified to receive them, and therefore, if they are genuine, they must necessarily strengthen the cause which is at present defended by the insurgents. That which, in official language, is called the entire Russian Empire, includes the whole of Poland as well as the artificial Kingdom, and the value of free institutions is in some degree proportioned to the area over which they are diffused. It was easier in former times to violate the franchises of a single town than to revoke Magna Charta. At the present day, a Power less scrupulous than England would long since have abolished the troublesome Ionian Constitution, which is now about to be handed over, with the jobbers and demagogues whom it has fostered, to the Kingdom of Greece. It would be more difficult to retract the privileges which have been extended to the powerful colony of Canada. If the heroic resistance of the Poles has accelerated the grant of constitutional rights to the Russian aristocracy, gratitude for political benefits may probably hereafter modify the natural animosity of the oppressors to the oppressed. Unluckily, the prospect of a peaceable solution is still indefinitely remote, and political observers are compelled to content themselves with hypothetical speculations on the conditions of future improvement.

#### LORD STANLEY AT LIVERPOOL.

THE stumping season is setting in rather earlier than usual and with extraordinary severity. Though September has not yet passed away, we have already had extra-Parliamentary speeches from Lord RUSSELL, Sir CHARLES WOOD, Mr. ROEBUCK, Sir JOHN RAMSDEN, Mr. GRANT DUFF, Mr. WHITE, and more than one from Lord STANLEY. We do not think that there is any room for question that, in quality as in quantity, Lord STANLEY has hitherto distanced all his competitors. It is not merely their intrinsic value that constitutes the merit of his recent speeches. They are not to be despised even on that score. They contain creditable specimens of that reduction of truism into epigram which is the process by which the modern stump-lecture is generally compounded. But it would be unfair to judge of them merely by their abstract value. It is necessary to take into consideration the conditions under which they are composed, in order to appreciate the intellectual merit they display. The other speakers were absolutely free in the choice of their subjects. The whole political world was open to them, and even where a direct political disquisition was out of place, no amount of allusion or innuendo was prohibited. But Lord STANLEY appears, from whatever motive, to have prescribed to himself an abstinence from the faintest reference to any of the controverted topics of the day. His speeches are a curious sample of the perfection to which the art of bleaching can be carried in the manufacture of modern oratory. They are absolutely colourless. Not a speck or a tinge of any partisan or political hue is traceable from one end of them to the other. Sometimes you think you light upon a sentence through which the vestige of a predilection for this

or that school of political thought may be discerned; but scarcely have you framed the conjecture, when it is followed by a balancing phrase which rectifies the momentary bias. The effort of composing a series of speeches upon subjects like agriculture and machinery, with which the orator has no practical acquaintance, and eliminating every trace of a reference to the business in which he passes his life, must be immense.

Under circumstances of such difficulty, it would be hypercritical to blame the occasional introduction of a paradox to eke out the scanty store of materials at the orator's command. The high-flown passage upon the moral uses of machinery was not, perhaps, more exaggerated than the exigencies of a *conversazione* may be held to justify. It would be very difficult for a politician to know what to say about machinery, unless he indulged in a little paradox; and the obvious reasons for recommending a scientific education might seem too common-place to dwell upon before an enthusiastic meeting. As a matter of fact, it is a very good thing that workmen should know the scientific truths upon which their industry is based, because it will help a certain number of them to get on better in the world, and the taste for such things will tend to keep the rest out of mischief. But these are prosaic considerations, and Lord STANLEY only glances at them slightly. His audience required flights of a more elevated kind:—"Lastly, remember this, that it is to industrial science that we must look, not as a sole means undoubtedly, but as an indispensable means, towards the development of a higher civilization. There is a slavery which we all understand, which we all denounce, which we all seek to do away with—that of man to man. But there is another kind of servitude, less bitter indeed, because not created by the tyranny of man, but of circumstance—the servitude of those whose whole existence, from dawn to darkness, and from youth to age, is an incessant unrelieved struggle to supply their bodily wants. What is the first step to raise these—and even now they are not a few—to a better and sounder position? Law can do nothing; charity can only do what is worse than nothing. What they need is, to have a portion of their drudgery taken off their hands—to have slaves who shall work for them. Not human slaves—God forbid. But to summon to their aid those hidden powers of nature which it has pleased our Maker to subject to the control of man's intelligence and will. This is the first condition, circumstanced as we are, of genuine social progress. In that road we are travelling forward every day—the winds of heaven, the waters of our rivers, the force stored in our coal-fields, are multiplying a thousand-fold the power of human muscles, and giving leisure for human thought." This is not a bad specimen of the kind of thing which our autumnal stump-orator is required to produce. In fact, Lord STANLEY is a master of this particular art, and the passage, as far as mere words go, is very eloquent. But the idea that runs through it is the one stock idea which all platform speakers are required to reproduce, in some form of words or other. They must all maintain, and prove to the best of their ability, that the ultimate perfection of the human race principally depends upon the success of the particular institution whose *conversazione*, or anniversary, or festival they are celebrating. The idea that industrial science tends to give more leisure to the working classes, or relieves them from the "servitude" of having to work "from dawn to darkness" to supply their wants, is very grand, but utterly untrue. The mediæval peasant, whatever else he may or may not have had, undoubtedly had a good deal more "leisure" than the modern artisan; and he was all the worse off in consequence. The introduction of machinery has been beneficial to the working classes; but it is not because it has provided them leisure, but because it has found them work. To such an extent has it found them work, that the Legislature has been compelled to step in and force upon them the leisure necessary for their existence. As long as the work lasts, a large portion of mankind will have to "struggle for the supply of their bodily wants;" and in proportion as our powers of production have become larger, has the fierceness of that struggle increased. The bodily wants themselves grow at least as fast as the facilities which science supplies for satisfying them. If modern artisans were content to live on what sufficed for their great-grandfathers, they would have abundance of "leisure for human thought" now; and though their great-grandsons will probably be able to enjoy what the present race enjoys now at the cost of one-half as much labour, their expanded wants will exact from them "the struggle from dawn to darkness" as pitilessly as ever. As for the "drudgery" which is to be taken off their hands, the orator can hardly have given himself the trouble to consider the plain meaning of his grand generalizations. The details

of managing and directing machinery are not more elevating than any other kind of manual labour. Watching a furnace or oiling a crank is just as much drudgery as ploughing a field. As far as the sentiment of the thing goes, the earth is as fine a machine to stoke as any steam-engine.

All our great people have to talk this kind of trash, and very few of them do it in such good language. This sad necessity is the misfortune of our politicians, not their fault; and Lord STANLEY is especially the victim of circumstances in this respect. He must keep himself before the world in order to maintain his influence; and these lectures on things in general are almost the only opportunity he has of doing so. His political position is paradoxical and difficult to the last degree, and almost precludes him from an active Parliamentary life. There can be no doubt that he sits among the Opposition leaders simply as the son of his father, and not as a representative of the views of the party to which he nominally belongs. He has practised no concealment upon the subject of the wide divergence that exists between his own opinions and theirs. The few occasions on which he does speak in Parliament are generally devoted to impressing that fact upon them in a plain and unmistakable way. The equalization of electoral districts is the point of the Charter upon which they are peculiarly sensitive, and which Mr. BRIGHT has avowed a special desire to carry. Lord STANLEY has taken care, both in the House of Commons and out of it, to leave upon record his own conviction of the necessity of that particular reform. In fact, the ground upon which he advocated his father's measure for equalizing the suffrage in the counties and the towns was that it would offer facilities for that further operation. The Poaching Bill was a measure upon which the Tories had especially set their hearts, and which met with the most violent opposition from the extreme Radicals. Lord STANLEY was careful, before the Session closed, to proclaim his opinion not only that the measure was a bad one, but that under the circumstances it was inhuman. The Tories have taken up with great keenness of recent years that view of ecclesiastical affairs to which their historical traditions and the close connexion between the Church and the Land naturally incline them. Apparently to mark his dissent from them with more emphasis, Lord STANLEY has taken a part, for him unusually prominent, in the discussion of ecclesiastical questions. Some weeks ago, the *Times*, with an advocacy so curiously blundering that it must probably have covered concealed hostility, tried to explain away his differences with his party by claiming for his Liberalism that it was "philosophical," and not "democratic," and by attributing to him a combination of opinions, speculatively extreme and practically moderate, similar to those that were entertained by HOBBS and HUME. The charge implied in this "defence" was entirely unjust. Lord STANLEY has lost no opportunity of giving practical effect to his opinions upon ecclesiastical affairs. He has spoken more than once, and invariably voted, for the total abolition of Church Rates. He spoke in favour of admitting Dissenters to the Universities; and more recently in favour of extending that concession to the Fellowships. And in speaking to his constituents at Lynn, he intimated not obscurely that he was hostile to the continued existence of the present Established Churches in Scotland and Ireland.

With these convictions, to serve under a Tory father, and to act as one of the leaders of a Tory party, is a situation embarrassing enough to impose silence in Parliament even upon the readiest speaker. There is danger that it may do more than this. All Lord STANLEY's hopes of political eminence—if indeed he cherishes any—can only be realized at the head of the Liberal party; for it is only there that he can look for that substantial agreement between himself and his supporters which is indispensable alike to individual self-respect and to political success. The Liberal party have treated him with marked toleration, and have forborne to press upon a situation necessarily full of difficulty, or to urge him to a decisive step which must be painful. But it is too much to expect that their patience will last for ever. Time goes on; if he dallies much longer younger aspirants will fill the place marked out for him; and he will be irretrievably identified with a party with which he utterly disagrees, and which can never honestly follow him.

#### PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND THE NEW YORK CONVENTION.

IN November, 1864, the United States will elect a new President, who will enter on his duties in the following March. It has always been usual to occupy at least twelve months in the preliminary organization of parties, and in the selection of candidates by the rival Conventions. The last election is,

with some reason, declared by the successful Republicans to have been the result of Southern political strategy. The Democrats and their old allies, the leaders of the Slave States, might have chosen the President if they had thought fit to agree on a candidate; but the representatives of the South retired from the Democratic Convention of Charleston on the nomination of Mr. DOUGLAS, who was accused of a heterodox vote on the admission of Kansas as a State. On the division of the dominant party, the Republicans, who had bought over Pennsylvania by the promise of a protective tariff, were enabled to return Mr. LINCOLN by a majority over either section of Democrats, although they only commanded two-fifths of the entire number of votes. The Secession which immediately followed was considered the more vexatious, because the South might at pleasure have postponed for at least four years the crisis by which it was professedly alarmed. The approaching contest will be less complicated, as the Republican and Democratic parties will severally use their utmost exertions to secure a victory. It is also probable that the experience of the war will interrupt the traditional custom of selecting the obscurest candidates rather than the leaders of the contending parties. The Republican Convention is expected to name either Mr. LINCOLN, who is conspicuous by his position, or Mr. CHASE, who has become eminent by his financial abilities and services. General McCLELLAN, though he has no political experience, will be a creditable Democratic candidate; and Mr. SEYMOUR, the present Governor of New York, appears to possess both resolution and capacity. The first business of the party managers is to frame a political confession of faith, which may be ultimately adopted by candidates and electors, under the old English name of "platform;" and before the meeting of the general Convention, delegates from either party assemble in the different States to ascertain and fix the particular doctrines which are most likely to secure a majority. As the Democrats have many reasons for playing a waiting game, the Republicans are, as might be expected, first in the field; and the New York State Convention has already determined that the Union shall be maintained, and that peace shall not be made with the Confederates until they lay down their arms. It may be inferred that the Republican leaders think that a less thoroughgoing expression of confidence would not be popular in the present temper of the community. Their opponents will take care not to contradict their sanguine prophecies until the uncertain fortune of war has partially corrected the extravagant expectations of the moment. The New York Convention further bids for popular support by undertaking that its nominee shall maintain the MONROE doctrine and enforce Mr. LINCOLN's Slave Proclamation. The principle of Republican policy is defined by the day-dreams of the mob, which in return may perhaps reward by its suffrage the wholesale flattery of its prejudices and its hopes. It would be idle for any competitor to contest the election with a party which had the power to command peace on its own terms, to restore the Union without compromise, and to overthrow the new Mexican Monarchy.

The capricious LEAR who has kingdoms or presidencies to give away cannot frame demands too outrageous for the eager acceptance of the Republican REGANS and GONERILS. The Democratic CORDELIA will show prudence as well as modesty by professing to love the Union according to her bond, or not beyond the limits of possibility, with a contingent regard to events which have yet to happen. The ensuing year will determine the real conditions of a struggle which will not be regulated by the political phrases or exigencies of the present time. Notwithstanding the confident language of their organs, it is scarcely credible that the Democrats can have already recovered the enormous numerical loss which they incurred by the Secession. Their opponents have for more than two years disposed of all the places in the Republic, and of uncounted contracts which are far more profitable than offices; and they have also enjoyed the advantage which belongs to every Government in time of war, of identifying their own fortunes with the welfare of the Republic. The irritation which was caused by their frequent maladministration, and by their repeated military failures, has been suspended since they have almost succeeded in convincing their countrymen that the war is about to end with the absolute conquest of the South. The Democrats must rely on the disappointment which is almost certain to follow, and on the consequent conviction that a compromise is preferable to an endless and unprofitable war. If it should be found that throughout the United States the Democrats are as powerful as they are in New York, their preponderance will have become undisputed and irresistible before the



Presidential election. They must be prepared, however, to outvote not only the legitimate Republican party, but the Southern renegades who alone among their fellow-citizens would be allowed by the Government, or inclined on their own account, to take part in the election. The army will probably give half a million of votes to the noisiest supporters of the war, and it will be well if some BUTLER or BURNSIDE abstains in Democratic districts from securing the free exercise of the franchise by the proclamation of martial law.

Mr. LINCOLN, in his letter to the Republican Convention of New York, seems to pledge himself to a policy of total subjugation when he expresses a well-founded opinion that no possible compromise can secure the maintenance or restoration of the Union. The strength of the secession is, as he candidly admits, in the Confederate army, and the offers of scattered civilians who possess neither political nor military power are wholly inoperative and worthless. It follows that the Union can only be restored by the utter defeat of the army, and a perfect triumph would, to a certain extent, supersede the necessity of negotiation or compromise. As the army of the South is identical with its population, Mr. LINCOLN virtually allows that the Confederate States are all but unanimously opposed to reunion. It is certainly not impossible that they may ultimately be forced to submit, but if the war were terminated it would still be necessary to provide for their administration. Mr. LINCOLN's supporters have devised an ingenious plan of government by minorities, composed of traitors who have deserted the cause of their States and of the Confederacy. The voters who are willing to take the Federal oath of allegiance are to elect State Governments, members of Congress, and Senators, and to constitute a privileged aristocracy in the midst of disarmed and helpless enemies of the Union. The Republican projectors hope that by degrees the Northern immigrants will be strong enough to form a permanent garrison in the South, even if they fail to expand into a majority. The entire scheme reproduces, with unconscious accuracy, the mistaken methods of subduing Irish disaffection which were tried by different English Governments in the seventeenth century. The only excuse for the anachronism consists in the difficulty of devising any alternative. The PRESIDENT may not be responsible for the plans of his unauthorised advisers; but, in repudiating compromise as impracticable, he pledges himself first to conquer the South, and then to govern it against its will, either by open force or with an admixture of transparent fraud. After all, Mr. LINCOLN's letter seems to be little more than a repetition of the phrases which make up the resolutions of the Convention. It matters little whether the Republican platform was originally devised at New York or at Washington. Except as cutting him off from all opportunity of altering his policy, this document would have excited little attention, had it not been for the extraordinary style, combining the homely jocosity of a backwoodsman with the grandiloquence of a sentimental novelist, in which a man so highly placed at so momentous a crisis finds it natural or thinks it expedient to discuss such topics as the policy of wholesale abolition, the fortunes of the army and navy, and the possibility of peace. Perhaps there are Americans who are capable of being ashamed of the vulgar frivolity of their Chief Magistrate in a great political crisis. Facetious references to "Uncle Sam's web feet," and repetitions of every slang party phrase in the American dialect, indicate something wrong in the state of political society, as well as the coarseness of the PRESIDENT's mind. His opinions will probably suit the Republican Conventions, but perhaps their leaders may be reminded that the next candidate for the Presidency will be better qualified for his duties if he had had the advantage of an ordinary education.

The proclamation for emancipating the negroes is adopted by the Convention, and awkwardly vindicated by its author. It has not produced the expected anarchy in the South, and it has not, thus far, interfered with the success of the war. It would have been more to the purpose to explain how it has promoted the cause of reunion, or in what manner it has facilitated military operations. The proclamation was issued in virtue of a supposed prerogative which the Republicans describe as the war power, and it was professedly intended, not to benefit the negroes, but to weaken or intimidate the insurgents. If it had produced a servile rebellion, it would have been an inexcusable crime, but not, as at present, an idle menace. If the dread of its operation had induced any Confederate State or part of a State to submit, the questionable justice of the act might have been partially redeemed by its successful operation; but, after the experience of eight months, Mr. LINCOLN can only say that the war progresses as successfully since the issue of the proclamation as before. Peace, if it is ever to

be restored, must necessarily be less distant than before, but it has by no means been accelerated by the device which was justly denounced as culpable until it proved itself abortive. The Republicans will have derived little advantage from the opportunity of pledging themselves to anticipations which may not improbably be falsified by events. If, after the lapse of another year, peace has not approached visibly nearer, the professions which are now thought attractive to the constituency will have become generally distasteful. It will then be the turn of the Democrats to show whether they have learnt moderation and honesty during their temporary exclusion from political power.

#### ENGLISH DIPLOMATISTS IN THE EAST.

THE telegram announces that Major Gordon has captured Vakang, and that the Japanese Princes are likely to give trouble. It is natural to wonder both at the announcements themselves and at the slowness of the sensation they make. We have grown accustomed to the state of things which they indicate. England has decided to keep as much as possible out of distant little wars, but she still looks on the East as a legitimate field for the roving enterprise of individuals, and she expects the English navy to do something in those parts now and then. We are not to be deluded into any more Afghan wars by a vague dread of Russia; nor have we any of the thirst for new possessions which torments nations less amply endowed with troublesome dependencies than England. Twenty years ago, we conceived it to be a mark of the very best statesmanship to be keenly interested in the destinies of Herat, and we taught ourselves to talk as if the safety of the British Empire depended on the place being in the hands of one robber-chief rather than of another. Then, we took up wars as matters of great general concern. We had no notion of letting a subaltern act as he pleased on the largest of possible scales, and if we went to war, we brought the whole force of the country to bear on the contest, or at least tried to fancy we were doing so. Now, the nation has retired, and the individual has become more and more prominent. We should think it the worst of follies to busy ourselves again about Herat, but we regard it as perfectly natural and immaterial that Lieutenant SMITH should occupy all the territory through which the Yellow River passes, and that Lieutenant JONES should burn all the towns near its mouth. We do not take much thought about the troublesome Princes of Japan, because we know that they will either yield under the pressure of a dozen Armstrong guns, or they will not. If they do, we have upheld the honour of our flag very easily, and if they do not, we do not really care much about Japan one way or the other. There is considerable danger in this policy, or absence of policy, and some day we may find that it is rather more hard to separate ourselves from the career of privileged adventurers, and to bring Armstrong guns within range and yet avoid stirring up a permanent and implacable spirit of enmity in those we shoot at, than careless politicians are apt to take into account. But, however this may be, a revolution is indisputably going on in our relations to the East, and our diplomatists will have a different task before them from any that they have heretofore had to perform, and will be judged by a different standard. In this there is not much to regret. Brilliant as have been the services, and upright as have been the characters, of many of the diplomatists whom we have sent to cope with the cunning and languor of Orientals, there was great room for improvement in the general run of those whom we despatched on this delicate and important errand. The atmosphere in which they lived was so bad that we may wonder they were not more tainted, but they were not unaffected by the society in which they moved, and long living among Orientals had given them a certain Asiatic colouring of mind, and even an Asiatic laxity of principle. We may throw a veil over the frailties of individuals, and agree that their temptations should be taken into account; but still it is unquestionably a good thing that they and their like should pass away, and that the servants of the Crown in the East should come early under the restraining influences of English public opinion.

What English diplomatists in the East got gradually to be like may be best judged of by looking at their history in the Ottoman Empire; for the life of Orientals in Persia and other outlying places is only a feeble reflexion of their life in Turkey. Nor can it be said that it is unfair to look at Turkey as the standard, for English diplomacy in Turkey has gained standing from the career of some really eminent men, and there have always been gathered round our Embassy there more men of learning and ability and tact than the slender rewards of

diplomatic life might have seemed likely to attract. But still the East has exercised there a fatal spell over many who were born to better things, and the nature of an Asiatic Court has often expended in sterile rivalries the powers that might have helped to inaugurate a great policy. The East seems to wield a deadly influence through the force of its own immobility. There it is; and there it goes on with its perennial virtues and vices, its passive courage, its inactivity, its brutal degradation, its absolute indifference to human life; and such as it was it is. It remains the same, although the Attaché grows into a Secretary, and the Secretary into a Minister. Little by little, the spirit of the East steals over the mind of the European, although the European never loses his secret consciousness of superiority, and would never cease to think that to be thoroughly Orientalized was a degradation to which he could not descend. Where, as in India, there is a large English society, and where, as in the India of the present day, this society is brought into frequent and continuous contact with England, the European habit of mind triumphs almost completely over the Asiatic, and Anglo-Indians are, for the most part, English men and women living among strange scenes, and in a hot, unwholesome climate. But in Turkey, where scattered Englishmen, even at Constantinople, are far removed from England and English opinion and English inspection, the European mind imbibes the tinge of the society that surrounds it. The English diplomatist finds that the coarsest bribery and the lowest intrigue are the real keys to success. He recoils from them, but he gets familiarized with them, and perhaps he learns to adopt some ingenious device, and jobs or bullies or cheats with more or less of concealment. The hands of the representatives of England are often not so clean as could be wished. Then, again, men who live in isolation, and have little communication except with their political superiors, learn to take an exaggerated view of the wisdom and power of their rulers. They gradually drop whatever little of the spirit of independence time may have left them, until at last they come to think and write like that marvellous Consul who, on receiving a circular from the Foreign Office inquiring into his opinions on the position of the Turkish Empire, told the gloomy truth, and said that he thought everything around him going to the dogs; until a further communication from the Foreign Office hinted to him that this was not at all what he was wanted to say, and he then drew as bright and glowing a picture of the resources and prospects of Turkey as if he had been the agent for a new loan. An Englishman, too, who occupies a definite position in diplomacy there, conceives, perhaps truly, that he may do almost exactly as he pleases, and he gives free rein to all the passions and the tastes which the dismal course of Eastern life can satisfy. English diplomatists in the East sometimes seem to forget that which at home is called decency; and they do this partly, perhaps, because they think that decency, even at home, is a shallow sort of thing, and also because they have in their position no curb to restrain them from doing whatever they please.

This type of English official will pass away; and we must own that, after all allowance is made for the position of such men, and although they may be very useful public servants in some capacities, it will be a good thing when they are replaced by a more fortunate and more scrupulous set of men. It is true that the representatives of England are better than those of France, and far better than those of Russia. A Frenchman will take or give a bribe with little hesitation, and a Russian thinks no more of bribery than of breakfasting. Englishmen struggle hard against the whole system of secret-service money, and even if they yield to it, do so under protest, and as a last necessity. The isolation in which all Europeans find themselves in barbarian Courts, and the concentration of all real power in one or two hands, also lead diplomatists to do as the natives do, and to fight, and intrigue, and bully, and lie for a ready access to the Sovereign, and for a personal influence with his chief Ministers. The whole time of our Minister in Persia is supposed to be consumed in outwitting the representative of Russia, and inspiring the natives with a wholesome contempt or dread of him. It would be very rash to say that all these diplomatic struggles are mere moonshine, and it may at one time have been quite necessary to baffle Russia and jockey France. Then, the struggle took place simply in the chamber of the SULTAN, and it would have been very foolish to have shirked the contest. Turkey has unquestionably gained by having leant upon England, and it learnt to lean upon England because the English representative was a man of courage and fame, and worked towards a definite end by means which he never relinquished. But the era of these personal struggles is nearly over, and they will owe their cessation to the same causes which will in time

prevent the operation of those demoralizing influences to which Englishmen in the East have been so largely exposed. A new era will arise because English diplomatists, like all other residents in the East, will be so much more closely connected with Europe, because swarms of English adventurers and settlers will form the nucleus of something like a solid English opinion, and because a closer intercourse with home will rescue those commencing their career from the effects which the absence of much that they have looked to as guiding and teaching them in Europe has produced in the East.

#### MR. GRANT DUFF AT ELGIN.

MR. GRANT DUFF has lately delivered at Elgin one of those addresses which still maintain, or take for granted, in remote districts, a certain interest in politics and Parliamentary proceedings. Intelligent members wish to satisfy their constituents that they have faithfully represented the opinions which they were sent to the House of Commons to support, but in general the exigencies of local patriotism only require that they should have voted on the right side. The exposition of elaborate reasons, the results of laborious investigation, interest only the more thoughtful class of educated politicians; and Mr. GRANT DUFF gives the electors of Elgin more than they bargained for when he not only steadily supports the Liberal cause, but devotes himself to the study of Continental affairs and of political theories. It is difficult to believe that his hearers were deeply interested in his slightly sophistical demonstration that the removal of Sir JAMES HUDSON was a legitimate consequence of the death of CAVOUR, instead of a family job. The worthy burghers of Elgin would have been perfectly content to know that an Englishman had lost a place and that a Scotchman had got it; and it must have been difficult to convince them that a high position and a good salary had been willingly surrendered from a sentimental regret for the loss of a great statesman, or because there was no immediate benefit to be conferred on Italy. If Sir JAMES HUDSON resigned of his own accord, without pressure from the Foreign Office, the causes of his retirement are scarcely matters of public interest. The all but universal belief that he was removed to make room for Mr. ELLIOT is not likely to be shaken by Mr. GRANT DUFF's ingenious speculations. His constituents probably heard of the change of British Ministers at Turin for the first time when they learned it from him, and as soon as they had ascertained the family connexions of Mr. ELLIOT, they would not fail to reflect that blood was thicker than water. Their own speculations have, perhaps, scarcely ranged from China to Peru, or even from Poland, over Turkey, Greece, and Italy, to the Congress of Princes at Frankfurt; but sensible Scotch electors know that it is the business of a member of Parliament to concern himself with the general affairs of the world. The English Constitution would scarcely work if representatives were selected at random from the ranks of the constituency. The opinions of Parliament are those of the classes who sit there rather than of the electors, and Mr. GRANT DUFF is a favourable specimen of the enlightened member who unconsciously transposes popular sentiment into a different key. Circumstances have fortunately enabled him to enter Parliament at an age at which he may possibly be trained into a statesman. Bankers of sixty, universally respected in their native towns, have the defect, when they enter the House of Commons, of being not only ignorant of their new profession, but too old to learn.

It would not be difficult to take exception to some of Mr. GRANT DUFF's opinions, but, on the whole, he is friendly to the interests of freedom and good government both at home and abroad. As one of the new school of Liberal politicians, he not unnaturally rejoices in the undoubted change of opinion in Parliament on the Eastern question. In Lord PALMERSTON's accidental absence from the House several speakers lately repudiated the support of Turkey which has for thirty years been a ruling principle of English policy. Future experience will show whether humanity and civilization are promoted by the encouragement of Greek plotters, of Montenegrin freebooters, and of Russian invaders. If a strong and regular Government were established in Servia, or in the kingdom of Greece, few Englishmen would regret that its power and dominions should be extended at the expense of Turkey; but with anarchy on one side and barbarism on the other, Lord PALMERSTON, and the generation of statesmen with which he has acted, may be excused for thinking that it was better to prevent civil and foreign war in the East until a reasonable prospect should be opened of a better condition of affairs. The Turks are strong enough to deal with all their enemies except Russia, nor has England



ever affected to guarantee the Porte against internal revolt. When Mr. GRANT DUFF's liberal aspirations for the Eastern Christians condense into a definite system of policy, he will perhaps find that Turkish and Russian supremacy are the only practicable alternatives. No statesman would deliberately invent the Turks or their religion, and it is only because they happen to be there that it is thought expedient to make the best of their existence. If the protection which has been extended to Turkey had, a century ago, been afforded to Poland, some of the most dangerous European complications would never have arisen. It is strange that Mr. GRANT DUFF apparently deprecates the restoration of Poland, as well as the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire. Liberal politicians will perhaps hereafter find that, in checking at every point the aggrandizement of Russia, the veterans whom they despise as retrograde and old-fashioned were more vigilant and more far-sighted than themselves. Nevertheless, rising opinions deserve attention, sometimes on account of their own merits, and always because they are likely to spread, and possibly to prevail. There is no doubt that the course of public affairs has of late been materially influenced by the advanced age of the principal political leaders. Twenty years ago, Mr. DISRAELI, who was then comparatively young, constantly announced that the future belonged to youth; but the contingent interest of the then rising generation has never been reduced into possession. Hereafter, the country may perhaps select rulers under fifty, and it will certainly be no longer governed by the statesmen who passed the Reform Bill.

When Mr. GRANT DUFF is a Minister, he will compliment his constituents with higher authority, and probably he will still find it expedient to assure them that Scotch shopkeepers and farmers are especially devoted to religious liberty. Inasmuch as they sometimes select clever and unprejudiced representatives, they are entitled to the credit of the practical influence which they beneficially exercise on public affairs; but at home, national and provincial character changes slowly, and the Scotch will probably, twenty years hence, still detest a cheerful Sunday more earnestly than they will sympathize with the regeneration of Italy. *Amicus DUFF*, they have no objection to fine sentiments of universal toleration; *sed magis amicus BEGG*, they like the tradition which their countrymen have foisted into the creed of Christendom better than common sense or religious freedom. When they had done applauding their enlightened member, they divided equally on a vote of censure because he had courageously voted in favour of opening the Botanic Garden at Edinburgh on Sundays. It was in vain that they were told that Count MONTALEMBERT disapproved of burning heretics, and even of gagging heterodox opinions. Of course, a Papist had no right to employ persecution for the defence of a false religion. It was only the true faith, invented two or three hundred years ago in Scotland, which could justify interference with the ungodly. The parallel which Mr. BUCKLE instituted between Spanish orthodoxy and Scotch bigotry had much superficial truth to recommend it; yet the comparative progress of the obstinate Calvinist and of the priest-ridden Spaniard shows that the common element of narrow intolerance forms but a small part of national character. Dr. CANDLISH, if he had been a Spanish Inquisitor, would have burnt the culprit who quoted the Bible for a supposed insult to the Holy Apocrypha which Spain and Rome may be supposed to love. In Scotland, his sect is not powerful enough to exclude from Parliament educated gentlemen who utterly despise and reject the superstitions of their half-taught countrymen.

Unlike many of his intelligent contemporaries, Mr. GRANT DUFF desires and expects considerable changes in established institutions. He dislikes the Established Church of Ireland as much as the Ottoman dominion in Turkey, and he sympathizes with the wish of a portion of the English clergy for the relaxation of ecclesiastical tests of conformity. It is unnecessary to follow him into discussions which will often unavoidably recur; but it may be remarked that, on these questions also, the constituents probably shared but faintly in the hopes or anxieties of the cultivated politician. The Anglican communion in Ireland has few friends among Scotch Presbyterians, but the Romanist enemies of the Irish Establishment are more obnoxious to extreme Protestantism than its supporters. The proposed relaxation of clerical tests is directly opposed to the strongest prejudices of the lower middle-class in Scotland, as well as in England. If the ten-pound householders had their will, no clergyman would ever think, and no layman would venture to express his thoughts. There is nothing which the commonplace Protestant dislikes so thoroughly as private judgment. The reason that religious liberty is safe in the United Kingdom

is that the upper classes are practically stronger than the constituencies, because they are predominant in both Houses of Parliament. A member elected exclusively by Dr. CANDLISH's congregation would be afraid or ashamed to reproduce in the House of Commons Dr. CANDLISH's professed opinions. The electors of Elgin enjoy the highest privilege of British freedom in cherishing the crotchets which prevail in their country and their class. They show that they deserve their liberty by sending Mr. GRANT DUFF to Parliament to express opinions which, except at his annual appearance, are entirely unknown in Elgin.

#### NAVAL ARMAMENTS.

THE war in America continues to furnish us with abundant experience, which it will be strange if even the Board of Admiralty fails to turn to account. Recent events, it is true, have done little more than confirm what was almost known before, and are chiefly useful (in a scientific sense) as affording reasons for distrusting the extreme opinions which have been put forth as to the probable efficiency of turret-ships. The first unsuccessful naval assault on Charleston had deprived the American Monitors of all the prestige which they had won by the engagement in which the earliest vessel of the class displayed her powers. For a time, it became the fashion here to believe in forts (which is a very wholesome faith, if confined within reasonable limits), and to doubt the value of all iron-clad ships, more especially of those built on the cupola or turret principle. The demolition of Fort Sumter has turned the tide once more against harbour fortresses, and seems to have raised the Monitors in general estimation, notwithstanding the small share they took in the attack. Captain COWPER COLES has again come forward in defence of his favourite system, and would fain persuade the Government to follow the example of the United States, and embark in the construction of turret-ships on something beyond the experimental scale to which the Admiralty has hitherto confined its efforts.

Considering the enormous sums of money lavished upon our modern iron-clads, it is of the utmost importance that the best models should be ascertained with no unnecessary delay. The bane of our whole system of shipbuilding has been the obstinacy with which old methods have been followed long after they had been exploded by subsequent discoveries. Sailing ships were built for years after steam had become the universal motive power in first-class passenger vessels, and wooden ships were never launched so rapidly or at so great a cost as after the invention of the iron-cased monsters which are now fast superseding the wooden walls. Captain COLES appears to think that the old error is being repeated, by the reluctance of our Admiralty to accept the last novelty in naval warfare, which has been almost exclusively adopted by the Federal Government. Whatever the future may prove, it can scarcely yet be said that the superiority of the turret principle is established; and though we should be very glad to see the *Royal Sovereign* completed as an experimental vessel with the utmost speed, it is, to say the least, doubtful whether she will be found a more effective ship than if she had been armed on the broadside principle. There is one fact, however, on which Captain COLES dwells very strongly, which deserves perhaps more consideration than has yet been given to it. Almost without exception, the turret ships do carry heavier guns than have ever been mounted on any broadside ship; and American experience most pointedly confirms all that was believed before as to the overwhelming superiority of the ship that is armed with guns of the largest calibre. The speedy destruction of Fort Sumter by the heavy land batteries of General GILMORE is one proof more of what is now almost an accepted axiom; and though the Monitors have not distinguished themselves on this occasion, the result is not without bearing on the principles of naval armament. The most striking illustration of the advantage gained by additional weight of metal was afforded by the easy victory of the *Weehawken* over the *Atlanta* in Warsaw Sound. Both ships were iron-clads, and the Confederates had indulged the most extravagant hopes as to the career which awaited the *Atlanta*. She was to destroy the Monitors with ease, to raise the blockade of Charleston, and give a new aspect to the war. The *Atlanta* was armed with 6-inch rifled broadside guns, and one 7-inch pivot gun. She was protected by four inches of iron (in bars) and four inches of timber; but three shots from the Federal turret-ship knocked her to pieces, and compelled her crew to surrender before they had inflicted the slightest damage on their formidable opponent. The reason of the failure is comprised in the one fact that the *Weehawken* was armed with 440-pounders.

It is probable that she had also the advantage in the strength of her armour; but it was the enormous calibre of her two turret guns that decided the action, and disposed of the *Atlanta* in her first engagement.

We are asked to infer from this that the Monitor principle must needs be infinitely superior to the old broadside system, and that the Yankees have ships which could destroy our whole iron-cased fleet without suffering any injury in return. The reasoning, of course, assumes that there is a necessary connexion between the use of the largest guns and the adoption of the cupola or turret; and if it be true that a broadside ship cannot be made to carry the enormous cannon with which the American Monitors are armed, there would be good ground for alarm at the sluggishness with which the Board of Admiralty is proceeding with the trial of the new principle. Our Warriors are armed with nothing more formidable than the old 68-pounder, or the Armstrong 110; and, if anything is certain in the science of artillery, it is that such weapons will have no chance when pitted against guns capable of throwing shot of four times the weight with something like the same velocity. Whether the American 15-inch guns entirely satisfy this condition may be doubtful, for the principle formerly in favour with the United States was to employ very heavy shot with comparatively low velocity. The tremendous havoc done by the 440-pounders seems to imply that the difficulty of uniting great weight and extreme velocity has since been overcome; but until more particulars are known as to the construction of these formidable guns, and the charge of powder which they are able to bear, it is not easy to estimate the extent of their superiority over the heaviest service-guns of the British navy. This, at least, is certain—that the Americans put on ship-board the very largest guns which they are able to cast, while the most effective ordnance which our iron-clads carry is far short of this extreme limit. In one form or another, it is essential that our ships should be constructed to carry the most powerful guns that artillerymen can build. Whether this end is to be obtained by the more general introduction of the turret principle or by improved arrangements of broadside batteries, we must leave Captain COLE and Mr. REED to settle. It is not easy to understand why a broadside ship should not be made to carry guns as heavy as those of a *Monitor* or *Royal Sovereign*. It is true the weight is not so nicely poised amidships, but, on the other hand, the enormously heavy moveable turret is dispensed with. For many reasons, it would be desirable to get rid of so cumbersome a piece of machinery. It is said that the turret of the *Royal Sovereign* will be protected by additional armour from such injuries as those by which several of the Federal Monitors were disabled in their encounter with Fort Sumter; and we have no doubt that everything which ingenuity can suggest will be done to make our model turret-ship proof against the peculiar casualties incident to this principle of construction. But there is inherent weakness in the plan itself. No one could read the account recently published of the mechanical details of the *Royal Sovereign* without trembling for the effects of a severe cannonade upon the huge piece of mechanism which is to form the support of her moveable turret. Still she is built to carry 300-pounders, and if no better mode of training guns of this calibre on ship-board can be devised than by moving them in company with a shield ten times as heavy, it is tolerably certain that, with all its defects, the turret principle must supersede every other. It is almost equally clear that if the difficulty of serving guns of equal weight can be surmounted in broadside ships, they will, for many reasons, be preferable to the more complicated Monitors. It is remarkable that the Americans seem to have given up the attempt to adapt broadside ships to the heaviest guns, and to have persisted in building Monitors, almost to the exclusion of every other pattern. The failure of the turrets exposed to the fire of Sumter was not accepted in America as at all conclusive against their principle of construction, and since that action, the first of a numerous class of enlarged Monitors has been launched at Boston. The true lesson to be learned from the trial of actual war ought to be better understood by the Federal Government than it can be from the comparatively imperfect information which is accessible here. We know their judgment from their acts, and it certainly does not accord with that hasty condemnation of all cupola ships which was generally pronounced in England in consequence of the result of the first engagement with Fort Sumter.

On the question of the best mode of constructing heavy artillery, it is possible that we may also have something to learn from the Americans. All the experiments tried in this country have pointed at one broad conclusion—that the

penetrating power of a shot depends mainly on the charge of powder, and that it makes comparatively little difference whether the power is utilized by impressing a very high velocity on a moderate-sized bolt, or a lower speed upon such masses of metal as are hurled from the Dahlgren guns. The shot, after all, is only a means of carrying the force of the powder from the cannon's mouth to the target; and it is not surprising that the resulting effect should depend more on the amount of the original impulse than on the means employed for its transmission. Still, there must be certain proportions between the charge and the shot which will produce the greatest effect; and upon this point English and American views have long been divergent. Our artillerymen have thought more of increasing velocity, while the Americans have attached the greatest importance to the bulk of the cannon-ball. It may deserve consideration whether (especially for long-range firing) the Americans have not come nearer than ourselves to the best model. While practical trials are being so freely made across the Atlantic, it would be folly absolutely to commit ourselves finally to any plan, either of ship-building or gun-building, until the full benefit of foreign experience has been reaped; but the Admiralty cannot be too strongly urged to lose no time in perfecting their own experimental ships and guns, and putting the navy in a position to deal satisfactorily with the most powerful vessels that any foreign country can produce.

#### THE WAR IN AMERICA.

MILITARY engineers probably watch with lively interest the progress of the attack on Charleston. Non-professional observers will fully appreciate the importance of the result when it is ascertained, but, in the meantime, it is as difficult to feel strong sympathy with guns and iron-plates as to be strongly excited by a story of a combat between an invincible knight and an invulnerable giant. Scientific ingenuity is, perhaps, a higher development of human faculties than unskilled bravery; but the process of knocking a fort to pieces at a distance of two or three miles is, nevertheless, essentially mechanical and prosaic. After all, the slain giant has suddenly come to life again, and has even renewed the combat; for Fort Sumter, after it had been destroyed by General GILMORE, seems to have taken a part in repelling the attack of Admiral DAHLGREN and his Monitors. The Federal reports are, as usual, presumptuous and mendacious; but premature announcements of success may perhaps ultimately be redeemed, if not justified, by the event. On the 4th of September, the credulous citizens of New York were informed that the iron-clad squadron was advancing towards the city, and it was added, that the harbour was unaccountably free from obstructions. The next day the Monitors had retreated to their former anchorage, and it may be presumed the Admiral had sufficient reasons for his retrograde movement. The most serious part of the operations consisted in the regular approaches which, after the failure of two or three assaults, General GILMORE was making to Fort Wagner. The Confederates hope that, if the defence can be prolonged for three or four weeks, the vessels may be compelled by the equinoctial gales to retire from their position, and that the army will be unable to prosecute the attack alone. In the meantime, General LEE keeps the army of the Potomac on the alert by occasional demonstrations on the front or flank of its lines, and it is even reported that he is about to re-establish the batteries which, in the early part of the war, impeded the river communication with Washington. While the Federal Government is unable to outnumber the enemy in the immediate vicinity of its own capital, it is unnecessary to discuss the rumour that an army, commanded by the ablest Northern general, is about to engage in a distant and gratuitous expedition against the French in Mexico. It would be more to the purpose, if General GRANT can be spared from the left bank of the Mississippi, to furnish him with the means of invading Texas, and of deciding the balanced contest in Arkansas. The army of the Potomac will probably be soon reinforced by the numerous regiments which have lately testified by their presence to the peaceful supremacy of the law, and the popularity of the draft, in the city of New York.

The most strenuous attention to the conflicting testimony of all available witnesses leaves in doubt the readiness of the Federal population to persevere in the sacrifices which are necessary for the prosecution of the war. It seems that paper money and contracts have diffused universal prosperity, that the railways are choked with traffic, and that the great cities are expanding with increased rapidity, and that the unlimited supply of Government notes more than compensates for the advance of prices. If there were no drawback to



the general felicity, it would be idle to suppose that conscientious scruples would seriously interfere with the popularity of the war. The ordinary English farmer, when he found that wheat was no longer worth a guinea a bushel, regretted the untimely fall of NAPOLEON, and even the American faith in Mr. CHASE and his greenbacks is modified by a fear of financial reaction on the restoration of peace. It seems that, in the Federal States, life is becoming scarcer than money, and that the classes which furnish recruits scarcely share the enthusiasm of their wealthier fellow-citizens. The New Englanders have, by their energy and sagacity, erected themselves into a kind of oligarchy over the mixed population of the Western States, and perhaps the creation of even the least chivalrous of aristocracies may ultimately promote a wholesome social organization and a virtual subordination of ranks. The intelligent minority has thus far succeeded in controlling the growing discontent of the poorer classes, and possibly the rise of wages which naturally ensues from the scarcity of labour may be considered an equivalent even for the pressure of the draft. The Democrats, however, perfectly understand that their hope of recovering power depends on the progress of popular irritation; and whenever a local grievance arises, the Opposition will not fail to direct the anger of the malcontents against the Government. If they succeed in persuading the Germans and Irish that the war is continued for the benefit of the richer classes, the Republicans will scarcely be able to carry the next elections. The statement that the New York draft has only furnished 2,000 recruits to the army must be accepted with the hesitation which properly applies to all American rumours. If the report proves to be true, the North-Western States will feel little disposition to supply the deficiency. In default of reinforcements, the armies must relinquish offensive operations, and the disappointment of the sanguine expectations which lately prevailed will largely affect the comparative strength of political parties, by making the war and its official promoters unpopular.

An episode in the war, which has attracted little attention in England, may perhaps be found one of the most significant intimations of a possible change in the character of the struggle. Although the slaughter has been terrible, the enmity inveterate, and the cost unprecedented, the great American contest has been generally exempt from the worst peculiarities of a civil war. Parties have, for the most part, been divided by geographical lines, and the invaders have remained apart from the conquered population. The renegade Unionists of the South betray their propensities only when they are safe within the Federal lines; and the fighting men of Maryland, instead of attempting useless resistance to the army of occupation, take service in the Confederate ranks, with the knowledge that they must be exiles as long as the war continues. Even in Kentucky and Missouri, where opinions were divided, the party which was the stronger, either by its own numbers or through the aid of the Federal troops, has been allowed to administer the Government while the friends of Secession have taken refuge in the Confederate army. In the remote regions where Kansas borders on Missouri, it seems that a local war of neighbours has, for the first time, commenced. The Federal Generals occupy the position of English officers who at the Cape or in New Zealand endeavour to restrain the hostile passions of white settlers and native tribes; but the former feud between Kansas and Missouri has broken out with fresh violence in connexion with the general war. Seven or eight years ago, the supporters of slavery in Missouri, or, as they were called by their enemies, the Border Ruffians, violently interfered with the elections of the Territory of Kansas, and succeeded for a time in returning an Assembly pledged to support their views. Mr. PIERCE and Mr. BUCHANAN, in consistency with their general policy, countenanced all pro-slavery excesses, and the United States forces were more than once employed to suppress the armed resistance of the Free-soil settlers to their hostile neighbours. Several insignificant skirmishes irritated both parties without deciding the quarrel, but ultimately the increased immigration from the North determined the question by the admission of Kansas as a State with an anti-slavery constitution. The obscure warfare of the West was not without its influence in determining the secession, and the borderers on both sides appear willingly to have resumed their former habits of reciprocal annoyance. A partisan named QUANTRELL has lately crossed from Missouri into Kansas, where he has taken the town of Lawrence with considerable bloodshed. The notorious General LANE, who was in the town, succeeded in escaping, and he has since organized a force of volunteers to pursue the marauders and to avenge the attack. As QUANTRELL himself is out of reach, the people of Kansas have

declared that they will ravage the four border counties of Missouri, and they denounce as a traitor the Federal General SCHOFIELD, who is in command of the district, because he has prohibited their lawless proceedings. It is said that LANE is at the head of 5,000 men, and that he has determined to persevere in his freebooting enterprise. The Federal authority will probably, on this occasion, be strong enough to prevent for the present a new war within a war, and to protect the nominally loyal State of Missouri from a piratical invasion. If, however, the war continues, it may be difficult to restrain the local animosities of unfriendly communities. The Confederates already abhor the Northern Government and the nation which it represents, but their hostility has something of the vague and imaginative character which always belongs to national antipathies. The inhabitants of a town in South Carolina no more dislike a town in Pennsylvania which they never saw than the people of Dover hate the people of Calais. The vindictive feeling which prevails between Kansas and Missouri is of a wholly different type. Eighty inhabitants of Missouri, who were probably innocent of the outrages perpetrated at Lawrence, have already been killed by the people of Kansas in revenge for QUANTRELL's incursion. The rough population of Missouri will not be backward in retaliating, unless the Federal officers show themselves able and willing to maintain the peace of the country. If the wrongs which have been inflicted and suffered produce a local war, the new-fangled devotion of the Missouri Legislature to the cause of the Union and of Abolition may soon be violently disturbed. It is impossible to suppose that the inhabitants of the State will allow ruffians such as LANE to burn and plunder a portion of their territory with impunity, even if marauders from their own side have commenced hostilities. Senator LANE is the famous patriot of whom an enthusiastic admirer formerly observed that a less remarkable man would never have got so well over the murder of a certain MORGAN. If he ravages the border counties of Missouri, he may perhaps find that retribution cannot be indefinitely postponed.

#### TOO MUCH PUDDING.

IN the old days of school-keeping, before boys had learnt that there were such things as stomachs not made of cast-iron, and while it was still believed that a long discipline of misery and brutality was necessary to evoke the true English spirit in English youths, it was the custom to put the pudding before the meat, and thus ingeniously choke off the dangerous appetite of boyhood. If only the lad would but gorge himself with stickjaw, the precious beef or mutton might escape almost unhurt, and be available for another dinner. Too much pudding was considered a certain recipe to protect the provider of the nourishment against the risk of the scholars relishing what was best for young growing frames. The pudding that boys now have is metaphorical, not literal; but it is equally difficult to be sure that they will not take too much of it, and spoil themselves for the metaphorical beef. Young gentlemen now have so many advantages, that they miss the advantage of having disadvantages. To get anything out of boys in proportion to the trouble taken with them is the task that embitters the lives of many parents. It seems so hard that men who have worked should have idle sons, and yet the idleness is a very natural result of the industry. The existing generation has been making the pudding, and the rising generation eats too freely of it. A son who finds that his father has got on, has managed to secure a good income, has horses, and servants, and friends, gets naturally to think all these things come of themselves, and will not exert himself to secure their continuance. Unquestionably this is a good thing for the nation at large. It would be a serious evil if the enterprising were always succeeded by heirs equally enterprising, and if industry and patience were handed down from father to son. The families that began with the good things of the world would have so immense a material advantage in competing with the empty-handed, that there would be no rising in the world, no new blood, no fresh source of life and strength in society, if the eagles did not falsify the remark of Horace and beget unwelcome doves. In every country stagnation would follow if it were not for the perpetual changeableness of family eminence, and if those who were born with too little pudding were not continually pressing on those born to eat too much. And, in England, the enlargement of the comfortable classes—the providing a circle continually greater with a chance in the world that can only be employed profitably if there is perseverance, and energy, and courage—is the feature which is most characteristic of our modern society, and is at the root of all that is most promising in the history of the present. Still, however advantageous it may be for the whole community that families should go up and down, and that the children of parents who have risen should be satisfied with the position they can make sure of, yet it is one of the great penalties of success that a man cannot hope, if he makes too much pudding, that his son will not stuff himself with it. There is an imperfection in every human lot, and that which successful men have generally to contend with is that they do not find in their families the qualities

which they have learnt to respect and admire in themselves. They have the mortification of seeing the sons of persons who have no pudding on the family board go ahead of their own well-fed offspring. Perhaps they have to make a virtue of necessity, and try to persuade themselves that it is a fine thing to have a son who likes his pudding too well. Human nature is very accommodating, and can generally find some loophole for its vanity to play through. But only coarse natures, and those that have achieved a sordid success, will be quite satisfied with this. More honest and aspiring spirits will never cease to regret that their children have not the spirit they themselves have had, and cannot set themselves so lightly and readily to run the race before them.

It is curious, too, how the professions and places of study to which the sons of comfortable English families throng are coloured throughout by the tinge of a wealth that comes too easily, and have a character of repletion which is the source of unquestionable defects. The two lives which the sons of fathers moderately well-to-do are most inclined to follow are University life and the life of the Army. Both the Universities and the Army are affected in many strange and indirect ways by this connexion with wealth. Its influence extends much beyond the obvious and direct exhibition of wealth in the officers of crack corps and the heroes of college society. The general stamp of mind produced, and the whole mode in which professional life is regarded, take their origin, in a large measure, from the predominance of comfort or competence, if not of actual wealth, in the families to which the majority of officers and of students belong. The officer has hardly any thought of rising by professional knowledge or professional activity. Almost his only thought day and night, and almost the only topic of his limp conversation, is the chance of getting a step either by money or luck. To keep his men clean and smart, to be always willing to meet danger, to expose his own life without thought or object, and perhaps in these days to be a decent shot with a rifle, are the only objects of his ambition. Those officers in the British army who, like Lord Clyde, really do cut their way with the sword, are exceedingly few. The whole system hangs together so closely, and the army as it is suits the nation in many respects so admirably, that it is little reproach to individual officers that they should have the habits and ideas of a class which takes its pudding freely from its cradle. But it is also obvious that poverty and the necessity of exertion give rise to excellences of their own, and that the soldier of fortune—that is, of no fortune—provided he is not a mere adventurer, is an element in an army which it greatly impairs the military efficiency of a nation to be without. It is exceedingly to be regretted that there is now no opening for the son of a poor gentleman to serve as an officer. While the old Indian army existed, it gave a chance to many boys who would have none now. The particular individuals who had this chance were selected by a sort of chance, but experience showed that this chance furnished a considerable proportion of first-rate officers. The best type of the Indian officer was excellent, and it is much to be regretted that it will soon cease to exist. He had to encounter difficulties, and to rely on himself under circumstances which developed a wonderful promptitude and life in his movements. He was not too grand, as almost all officers of the Queen's army are, to interest himself in the people among whom he lived, to study their ways and respect their feelings. Unless he could command, delight, overawe, and bully Orientals by turns, he was not worth much, and as his future in the main depended on himself, he strove hard to produce the article that was in demand, and to be what the Government needed. It is in vain to hope that the usual officer, satisfied with his slight knowledge of drill and rifle-shooting, hating Indians because it costs him an effort to understand them, and occupied with little schemes and dreams of buying out some sharp bargainer above him in the list, should be what the old Indian officer was when he appeared at his best. Whether other things counterbalanced this disadvantage, and whether the extinction of the Indian army was desirable or not, is a very different thing. But, however that may be, it is undeniably a very serious loss both for families and for the nation, that the sons of poor gentlemen cannot now enter the army as a profession, and the gratitude of England would indeed be shortlived if it were forgotten how great were the services which Indian officers have been able to render by the possession of those very qualities for which they were mainly indebted to their poverty.

The Universities have too much pudding in two ways. In the first place, the institutions themselves have too much, and then the residents there have too much for certain purposes, though not perhaps altogether. The Universities, or rather the Colleges composing them, have got far more money than they know what to do with, and the evil will soon largely increase. Partly by the reform of glaring abuses, partly by the better management of the corporate property, and partly also by the mere lapse of time, the income of many colleges is much greater than it was, and will soon be enormous. And when the colleges have got the money they cannot possibly use it to any advantage. Practically, there are only three purposes to which a college can devote its funds; it can create fellowships, or it can create scholarships, or it can contribute to objects properly belonging to the whole University. If it augments the income of fellowships beyond a certain point, it merely gives a premium to idleness in celibacy; if it augments not the income of fellowships, but their number, it cannot get eligible candidates. It must

either decline to fill up vacancies, or it must lower its standard; and if it once lowers its standard and gives the reward of learning to something that is not learning, merely that the money may not be idle, it at once confesses that it has too much pudding. The superabundance of college revenues is at present felt at Oxford alone, and is only just beginning to be felt there. The supply of eligible candidates for fellowships is perhaps not inadequate to the demand, but as the number of scholarships has lately been very largely and suddenly increased, the supply of scholars runs decidedly short. In old days it was an object for a man to get a scholarship; now it is the object of the College to get a scholar. Scholarships are constantly left vacant because there is no one to fill them. Nor does the University want the money. As it has been decided to be necessary for the comfort of the Heads of Houses that Professors, as a rule, should only have a very trifling income, the amount of money that can be spent on Professorships is necessarily limited by the number of subjects that can be thought of as giving possible openings for distinct teaching. It might, however, be thought that a use would soon be found for the money, as it would attract a more numerous body of students to the Universities, and that thus, the sphere of the University's usefulness being enlarged, more funds would be wanted. But experience shows that this is not so. Although the country is so infinitely richer than it was fifty years ago, and although the number of persons in it who care for a good education, and in some way or other prize learning, is so very much larger, yet the numbers at Oxford do not increase. The principal reason undoubtedly is, that the Universities, and especially Oxford, produce a type of character for which there is only a limited amount of room in England—a character excellent in itself, and forming a very satisfactory ingredient in the national mixture, but still one of which a little is thought, perhaps erroneously, to go a long way. It is a character which is the highest and most refined result of having too much pudding. The Universities, being frequented for the most part by the sons of families fairly off, and being able to supplement shortcomings by their vast endowments, naturally foster a spirit that revolts at that hard dry work, and daily routine in uncongenial company, and familiarity with sociable snobs, to be thoroughly inured to which is the secret of success in so many professions and in trade. A man who wants his son to get to business young, and to learn not to be above his business, would think it madness to send the boy to Oxford, and a scholarship is not enough to induce him to think otherwise. It is like the bounty offered in vain to American volunteers. The sum is a handsome sum in itself, but they do not want to go down South to be shot at. So, too, the University pudding is a good pudding, but for the purposes of humble success there is too much of it.

#### NEEDY MEN.

THE social tendencies of an advancing condition of national wealth have not received all the consideration to which they are entitled. The economical bearings of a progressive state are tolerably well understood, and the more rapid the progress in accumulating wealth the more distinctly are these bearings visible in wages, population, and rents. Publicists, too, have discussed the political consequences likely to ensue from the continuous advance of national opulence. But no attempt seems to have been made to register the actual or probable effects of this advance upon what may be called the balance of society. The amount of wealth accumulated in the hands of individuals is constantly and rapidly increasing, but the method in which the new accretions are distributed is much less evident. Does the distribution obey the time-honoured and natural principle that to him that hath shall be given, while from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath? Or is the new supply destined, in some measure, to fill up the chasm between the very rich and the very poor, by pouring itself out in the direction of the latter? Or will it both raise up new classes in society, and deepen the distances between those already possessing a distinct existence? This question—partly economical, and partly belonging to the domain of social philosophy—deserves a far more extensive investigation than we can now attempt, but it may be worth while to indicate the working of the growing wealth of the community upon what is probably the most neglected of all social formations or strata. It is manifest that general prosperity must have a very considerable influence upon the unlucky people who do not partake in it; and, as a matter of fact, the increase alike in the number of the rich, and in the wealth of those who were rich before, affects most keenly those who had not much to start with, and who now seem to have still less by comparison. It is not the very poor or the destitute who suffer in any way from the aggrandisement of other classes, but those who more directly belong to those classes without enjoying any share in the aggrandisement. If the rent-roll of the squire is doubled, the farm-labourer does not necessarily either get or expect double rations and double wages. If by chance he catches a glimpse through the dining-room window of the squire at dinner, the sight breeds no fastidiousness over his own porridge and butter-milk. As the mill-hand sees his master drive up to the counting-house every morning in a fine carriage, he suffers no loss of dignity or self-esteem by the thought that he has to make his legs carry him home to a not over-comfortable cottage. In this case, up to a certain age, hope often comes in, and the operative does



not despair of one day becoming what his employer is now. The shopkeeper, as a rule, looks upon people who have grown either rich or more rich with unmodified satisfaction. The new acquisitions will be spent among the class to which he belongs, and a portion of them must flow into his own till.

But there is a very numerous section of people to whom the great and waxing prosperity of those with whom they are brought into continual contact is little better than a downright affliction. Their characteristics are various, but may all be summed up in the familiar phrase, neediness. A distinction must, at the outset, be made between the needy and the destitute, though for some purposes the terms may be synonymous. The difference between the needy man and the destitute is not merely one of degree, nor that one has too little while the other has nothing. The inconveniences to which either is subject do, it is true, spring from a similar source, but this is perhaps the only common point between them. Any one who looks upon destitution as only a high degree of neediness falls into the same blunder as if, in mathematics, he should treat zero as non-existent. Destitution, like zero, has properties of its own; and so, in like manner, has neediness. By needy men, therefore, we do not mean men in the position of that starving student who has just been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for stealing a sixpenny letter-weight from the British Museum. The needy man, properly so called, is commonly well clothed, and suffers from no lack of food. Nay, he may even wear purple and fine linen, may fare sumptuously every day, and on occasion be admitted to king's houses. He would no more think of stealing than would an archbishop. In good society, the needy man is generally unmarried. A needy couple is one of the very bitterest grievances to which thriving people are exposed. They are commonly importunate, not seldom impudent and scandal-mongers, and always hungry. And the worst of their position is, that it is divested of hope. A man may be either temporarily or chronically needy, but so long as he is needy by himself there is always some chance for him—in matrimony, if nowhere else—and society will not resolutely exclude him. Of course, he always labours under grave disadvantages. The fine open-hearted English matron with marriageable daughters shuns him as a skater shuns rotten ice. The generous British father, with a large realized fortune and a daughter on whom to bestow it—fond as he is of ingenuous youth, and profoundly indifferent as he professes to be to riches—will show him hot hospitality for six months and then forbid him the house. And these precautions are not wholly unreasonable in themselves, because perhaps the most common mark of a needy man is the confirmed intention not to waste his affections upon a dowerless maiden. This, in fact, leads to the distinction between a needy man and one who is simply not well off. The latter may be contented with the scantiness of his means, and feel "rich, not in the abundance of his possessions, but in the fewness of his wants." The needy man, on the contrary, is essentially, and from the force of the term, not contented. He has not enough to procure for himself the position or the pleasures to which he aspires, and he is always on the alert for an opening, without over much scrupulosity as to the quarter in which it may be offered or the means by which it may be seized. Not that the needy man in general would perpetrate an act of downright dishonesty; but his wants, whether fancied or real, and the urgency of his desire to gratify them, combine to blunt delicacy of feeling and sense of honour. He differs from the downright adventurer, first, in knowing precisely what he wants—either money or, what comes to the same thing, something which only money can obtain; and, secondly, he is not reckless. The needy man respects the ordinances and conventions of society, and it is this in which lies the difficulty of his position. A threadbare coat, a shabby hat, and gloves with holes in them, do indeed mark a phase of neediness, but it is only when neediness is on the point of becoming destitution. Perhaps, however, out of deference to popular phraseology, we ought to admit that there are two classes of needy men—two varieties of the same species. There is the needy man in society, and there is the needy man out of society. One merely wants bread and beer; the other seeks supplementary advantages of various kinds. One merely desires to keep the wolf away; the other is anxious for horses, wines, and a balance. One fares greasily at chop-houses or aridly in dirty lodgings; the other may dine in Belgrave or Pall Mall, and lounge in the Row. As is the case with all varieties of species, the points of difference between these two kinds of needy men are innumerable; but the most important of all is, that the needy man of society mixes with people who are not needy, while he of the other kind is commonly solitary, or, if gregarious, herds with men of like position with himself.

The fact that others are growing rich in no way affects the man of supreme neediness, any more than the elevation of a landowner to the peerage affects Hodge and Giles. But it is quite different with his well-clad and well-fed brother in neediness. The latter suffers acutely from the increasing prosperity of other people, if, as is postulated by the fact of his being needy, his own prosperity does not advance in proportion. His friends with increased means naturally increase their outlay, and so widen the space over which his aspirations have to extend. A junior clerk, for example, in a Government office, or an officer living on credit and his pay, or one of that nondescript crowd, whose numbers are every day growing greater, of young men who flock up to town to make a speedy fortune "by literature"—any of these becomes more and more needy as the people with whom he

associates approach nearer to opulence. His wants grow with their wealth. The only visible difference between him and the wealthy being not in education, or ancestry, or breeding, but simply in their wealth, this widening of the gulf is apt to generate discontent and misanthropy. A recent writer has defended our expensive colonial possessions on the ground that they furnish an outlet for this "instructed indigence," which otherwise would seethe and boil in revolutionary fermentation at home. Without apprehending such serious consequences as this from the educated but needy classes, we may easily perceive that their position is one that is desirable neither for themselves nor for the commonwealth. And yet, in spite of the wider enforcement of the modern principle of *la carrière ouverte aux talents*, the class of the needy is as rapidly on the increase as the amount of the public wealth. Partly, no doubt, the opening to all corners of various employments that were once close has been itself the cause of this rather unexpected effect. Lads who would else have stayed behind counters or gone into the Church get nominations for Government offices from the borough member; or else rush into the field for Indian appointments; or else, as we have said, allured by the false pictures of foolish novelists, come up to London to earn a very fine competency by writing for the newspapers. The new comers either succeed to the detriment of the once privileged class, or they fail to their own detriment. In either case, the ranks of the needy are sensibly swelled, and the aggregate of social discontent proportionately enlarged. Still, this discontent is not likely to become so formidable as the argument to which we have referred would seem to imply. The "instructed indigence" of the Treasury clerk or young lieutenant is, after all, pretty harmless. Anything revolutionary is the last thing in the world likely to occur to either, or to find any favour with them if suggested by somebody else. As they stroll home to rather stuffy bed-rooms after waltzing in gilded saloons, they may be discontented at the stiffness of some odious chaperon or the coldness of a favourite partner, but they certainly never dream of political revolution as a remedy for either the stuffy bed-room or the odious chaperon. It is in the needy man out of society—the Bohemian who asks you if you happen to have such a thing as half-a-crown about you—that levelling notions are likely to take root. But this social formation probably is stationary, and extends neither in one direction nor another, in consequence of the rapid accumulation of wealth among the community. The needy men of fashion and of a sort of position will grow a more numerous body as the standard of living rises with the fortunes of the richest part of the community, but they will have to undergo a radical change in character before they threaten to become politically dangerous.

#### SHAM CHARITY AGAIN.

THE autumn is a busy season. Parliament breaks up, and London empties itself; but, for that very reason, there is more to do in all other parts of the world. Some adventurous spirits scramble up Alps; others content themselves with the pursuit of feathered fowl on the humbler hills of our own island. Statesmen run about the land, addressing their own constituents or the constituents of other people; learned men, and sometimes unlearned men also, gather together at antiquarian and scientific meetings. In most of these things there is a certain mixture of business and pleasure; there is an element of play and an element of work. And in most of these things the working element and the playing element hit it off very happily. The union is less successful in another kind of entertainment which takes its turn among the other recreations of the autumn. The ingenious attempt to reconcile the services of God and Mammon in the form of the religious and charitable Bazaar is a matter on which we have already spoken our minds more than once, and on which we have no doubt that we shall have to speak our minds more than once again. The religious Bazaar and Fancy Fair appeals to too many feelings at once to be put down very easily. There is something so specially ingenious in the device of profiting your own soul, and the souls of your neighbours, by simply partaking of all the pleasures and excitements of a fashionable party. It is so much easier to add to one's stock of good works by flirting a little more undisguised, by self-display a little more open, than society would allow at another time, than it is to whip oneself three or four times a day, to go on bread and water for forty days, or to repeat the whole Psalter standing up to one's neck in cold water. The Bazaar-religion of our times seems to have something in common with the Baalite religion of old. The priests of Syria, to be sure, cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, just as now-a-days the priest has to bear all the work, and a good deal of the cost; but, in both cases, the religious duty of the lay-folk seems to consist in sitting down to eat and to drink, and rising up to play. Indeed, we are not sure that the writings of the Hebrew Prophets do not contain a yet more distinct foreshadowing of our fashionable religious amusement. We do not know what account divines give of certain women who hunted souls, and who did it by means of sewing pillows and spreading kerchiefs. But certainly, to an un-instructed reader, this suggests the idea of something very like a bazaar. Do not our women still sew pillows and spread kerchiefs, and is not the avowed motive that of hunting for souls? One might even go on to say that the companion description of building a wall and daubing it with untempered mortar gives a lively

image of the sort of buildings on whose behalf the Bazaar and Fancy Fair is often opened. A church or a school is run up; too often the wall is built and daubed with untempered mortar. Presently there is a vast sewing of pillows and spreading of kerchiefs to hinder wall and mortar from going unpaid for. We do not know whether we are right in our system of prophetic interpretation; it is merely the outside view of the unlearned, which might be set aside by a study of the Targums or the Mishna. But whether the Religious Bazaar is of Eastern or Western origin, whether it can or cannot support itself by ancient Baalite precedent, our opinion of the Bazaar as a rational and Christian institution remains just where it was, and it is exactly the same as the opinion of the old Prophets as to those heathen rites which seem at the very least to have presented some incidental likeness to it.

We greatly fear that our opinion is a singular one; for we hear of Bazaars and rumours of Bazaars in all parts of the kingdom. It is a speaking fact that, when Oxford went mad the other day to welcome the Prince and Princess of Wales, the usual Sermon on behalf of the Radcliffe Infirmary was left out, and a Bazaar for the same pious object took its place. The Sermon, no doubt, was the invention of a remote and unenlightened age. It showed but little knowledge of human nature to rely on such a bungling way of getting at people's pockets. What *quid pro quo* did the Sermon offer to those who put their money in the plate? Beside the mere paltry satisfaction of doing good, nothing was offered beyond the dull and tame gratification of hearing, it may be, a celebrated and eloquent preacher. What could the young ladies and young gentlemen do at so wearisome a ceremony as a sermon? The exchange of words is wholly forbidden; even the exchange of glances must be of the stealthiest kind. How much better the Bazaar, where the fun may run higher than it can in a ball-room, while the sick folk in the Infirmary derive just as much benefit as they could from the oratory of Chrysostom or Massillon. How far more attractive would the Bazaar be to the fine ladies of the University—a class which each instalment of University Reform seems to bring into greater importance. What a soaring flight above the dull routine of dinners and dances and private theatricals exchanged among mere Professors, Provosts, and Canons! In the Bazaar the fine ladies of the University might take their place beside the fine ladies of the county, and both might feel themselves the momentary equals of the finer ladies still who swelled the train of the Princess. What a proud moment when the forward undergraduate could, with perfect propriety, chaffer about the price of a pillow or a kerchief with the benignant wife or the smiling daughter of the Head before whom at other times he trembled. The Sermon gave no such opportunities; it was but an antiquated way either of hunting souls or of hunting guineas; modern improvements have thrown it quite in the background. If, for the future, a Dean or a Bishop wishes to benefit the Radcliffe Infirmary, he must not think of doing so by the exercise of his own pulpit eloquence, but by sending his own graceful daughters to practise the "eloquent pleadings of female fascination" at a Bazaar and Fancy Fair.

The phrase which we have just quoted we draw from the newspaper accounts of a show of this sort which has lately come off, and which seems to have surpassed even the ordinary shamelessness of such exhibitions. The name of Kenilworth is one which fills a high place both in English history and in English romance. Unhappily, as in some other cases, the associations of the romance have well nigh wiped out the associations of the history. The home of Simon of Montfort, the fortress so gallantly defended when he was no more, the scene of the famous *Dictum* which at last gave peace to England, might suggest higher thoughts than the wasteful and brutal diversions played off before Elizabeth by her worthless minion. The owners or guardians of the building seem, however, to think differently. The comparatively modern and comparatively uninteresting parts of the castle stand open to all men, whilst to the only part which can have been the real dwelling-place of the hero all access is strictly forbidden. But, besides the famous Castle, Kenilworth contained a Priory, of which but few traces now remain, and a parish church, which, it seems, like other parish churches, is doomed to the martyrdom of "restoration." We do not very well understand what is to be done, but, so far as we can make anything out from the gorgeous eloquence of a local newspaper, it seems that the oak roofs of the church are to be exchanged for new ones—of what materials we are not told—but which are to be of lower pitch than they have at present. By this means, according to the taste of Kenilworth, "a great improvement will be produced, both in the interior and exterior of the building." We need not go into details; the reader can easily draw on his own imagination for the wall and its daubings. Now, when a church has an Earl for its lay rector, and is surrounded by the estates of noblemen and other rich men, a distant spectator might have expected that private munificence would have no difficulty in supplying everything that could be wanted. But to have quietly repaired the church and paid for it, as some humdrum people have now and then done elsewhere, would have been a dull, commonplace sort of business. It was far more exciting, as well as less expensive, to set up a soul-hunt by dint of pillows and kerchiefs. Moreover, something was to be done in the church which might possibly diminish the splendour of the more distinguished worshippers, so it was fair that they should have some sort of recompense for the sacrifice. The "old-fashioned pews," which our local authority describes as

"sleeping or courting boxes," are to be done away for the future. "The humble old cottager" is to "kneel by the side of the squire," and for the future, in Kenilworth church—

The poor man meanly drest  
Is as welcome as the rest.

All this is as it should be; but if the "courting-boxes" were to be abolished in the church, it was only fair that one grand opportunity for courting should be given in the castle. If, for the future, all were to be equal in Kenilworth Church, it was but reasonable that "the *haut monde*" and "the aristocratic assemblage"—we again quote our local paper—should have one great extra fling within the ruins of a less sacred building. So the hunting of souls and of guineas began. "A number of ladies, moved by the highest motives, began to prepare gorgeous cushions [perhaps the 'pillows' of the old Baalites], elaborately ornamented slippers, magnificent pieces of worsted work, and the hundreds of articles which go to make up an attractive bazaar." Ladies from the rank of Marchioness downwards made ready the wares, and ladies from the rank of Countess downwards undertook the work of selling them. And very well, according to our local chronicler, did the work of shop-girls seem to suit them. They were "radiant with smiles" and "exercised irresistible powers of persuasion." Those especially who undertook to sell the meat and drink proved first-rate bar-maids; they were "kept busily employed, and appeared much pleased with the, to them, somewhat novel occupation of catering for the public." Two gentlemen, with the title of Honourable, "adopt, for the nonce, the vocation of quacks," and thus realize 2*l.* 6*s.* towards the pious object of the day. Some things read, to the unenlightened, somewhat mysteriously. For instance, a lady contributes 2*l.* after being "engaged in dipping in the 'lucky bag.'" Again, any one might, for sixpence, "try his luck" in "a representation of a bride-cake on a bronze stand." Above all, the Piping Bullfinch from the Swiss Court of the International Exhibition flew down to Kenilworth, and there piped more than 8*l.* into the coffers of the restoration fund. A handsome doll represented Queen Elizabeth. Earl Simon they had probably never heard of, so the deliverer was spared the ignominy of being converted into a scarecrow. Lastly, most mysterious of all, on one stall was sold "a cushion and Eve made of silk brought from Pekin." What this may mean we have not the faintest notion, but it again brings most vividly before our imagination the picture of the fair devotees of Baalim and Ashtaroth.

Now, if all this were mere play, mere frivolity, the way in which vacant minds are driven to fill up a vacant hour, we should not say a word against it. We should never preach against an archery meeting, or against a fancy ball that was merely a fancy ball. But when a fancy ball or a fancy fair assumes the mask of a good work, then common sense and good feeling must speak out. The rich and noble ladies who amused themselves by exhibiting their "female fascination" could no doubt have raised, among their husbands and brothers, the paltry sum which the bazaar actually produced, without an appreciable sacrifice. But in so doing there would have been no pleasure, no excitement, no opportunity of display and flirtation, nothing but the dull commonplace reward of doing one's duty. Looking gravely at the matter, it is really no joke at all, but a deep and serious disgrace, that money for a necessary religious work, in an unusually wealthy district, cannot be obtained without this wretched mockery of zeal and charity—that in such a neighbourhood no one will give, simply and liberally, to such an object, but that everybody waits till a few shillings can be wheedled out of him by the "smiles" and "female fascination" of a parcel of fashionable ladies.

The thing is not confined to Kenilworth. Go in one direction, and mutterings are heard about a Bazaar for St. Cuthbert's Church at Wells. Go in another, and the like mutterings are heard about a Bazaar for the Round Church at Northampton. This is certainly a way of helping the Holy Sepulchre which did not occur to Godfrey or to St. Louis. And yet there is a certain analogy between the Crusade and the Bazaar. In both cases people expect to do a good work and to profit their souls by doing the very sort of things to which they are most inclined. A robber knight loved killing and plundering; let him go kill and plunder Saracens, and the crime was turned into a virtue. So a fine lady likes display, and flirting, and excitement; let her go and show herself off on behalf of a church or a school, and what is otherwise worldliness becomes piety. As for St. Cuthbert, that woman-hating saint does not seem to have laid down such strict laws in his southern as in his northern temple; still the homage of votaries with their pillows and kerchiefs would be an oblation at which he would be not a little puzzled. The Northampton example suggests another thought. It was said long ago that what was to be done at St. Sepulchre's was to be done as a memorial to the late Marquis of Northampton, a man who undoubtedly did deserve a memorial on many grounds. If this scheme has so far broken down as to need to be eked out by a bazaar, we have here a curious parallel on a smaller scale to the fate of the Albert Memorial. Local zeal for the Marquis seems to have failed as ignominiously as national zeal for the Prince, and the subscription has to be made up by a bazaar in the one case, by a Parliamentary grant in the other. The truth is, that all these extraneous and factitious motives cannot be trusted. A memorial of a deceased worthy is often highly desirable. If noble ladies choose to amuse themselves by acting shop-girls and barmaids, we say not a word against them. But let both things be kept quite separate from distinctly pious and charitable works. For them there is, after all,



no such sure foundation as the unbought liberality of those who give, often unseen and unheard of, from a single-minded sense of duty.

#### THE TUNNEL THROUGH THE ALPS BETWEEN SAVOY AND PIEDMONT.

AN interesting Blue Book, containing the first Report of the engineers appointed to superintend the construction of the great tunnel through the Alps, has lately been presented to the Italian Parliament. In a clear, concise, business-like style, which is unfortunately very unusual in Italy, the reporter gives an account of the origin and progress of a work which, in its bearing on the general locomotive system of Europe, is the most important yet undertaken by engineering science. A summary of the results, and a short description of the works derived from personal observation, may not be uninteresting to English readers.

The shaft pierced through the main chain of the Cottian Alps which is to connect Savoy with Piedmont, is often called the Mont Cenis Tunnel, but its only connection with that well-known pass is that it follows a direction as different as is possible consistently with ultimately arriving at the same point. In the district chosen for the future railway, the chain of the Alps extends about due east and west between two nearly parallel valleys. On the south side, the Dora Riparia descends through a narrow defile to Susa, and then, by a comparatively wide channel with a gentle slope, from Susa to Turin. On the north side, the Arc flows in an exactly opposite direction, from Lanslebourg to Modane and St. Jean de Maurienne, before joining the Isère in its way into France, where both are united to the Rhone above Valence. The high road mounts gradually through the valley of the Arc to Lanslebourg; then, turning to the south, it gains the summit of the pass of Mont Cenis by a short and steep ascent of little more than 2,000 feet. A long descent leads to Susa, which lies nearly 3,000 feet lower than Lanslebourg. If there were no other objection, this great difference of level was sufficient reason for seeking some other position for the tunnel. According to the plan which has been adopted, the northern entrance will be below Modane, about eighteen miles west of Mont Cenis. On the south side the railway will emerge into daylight near the Alpine village of Bardonnèche, at a level slightly higher than the Modane entrance. Beyond the preliminary surveys required to lay out the line, nothing has yet been done towards the construction of the twenty-five miles of railway required to connect Bardonnèche with Susa. Some portions of the way will probably be found to tax the skill of the engineer as severely as any road which has yet been constructed.

Besides the incidental advantage of having the two ends of the projected tunnel nearly at the same level, a still more important recommendation to the line from Modane to Bardonnèche was the fact that it was much shorter than any other that had been suggested for traversing the Alps between Savoy and Piedmont. The exact length of the future tunnel will be 12,220 metres, or a little over 7½ English miles. To bore an opening of this length through extremely hard rock, in a position where it is practically impossible to drive vertical shafts available for ventilation, and to allow workmen to attack the line at several different points at once, appeared to practical men an undertaking too difficult, and, above all, too tedious, to be executed by the means which alone were available when the project was first entertained. Up to that time, the art of mining through solid rock remained what it had been for centuries. In making a tunnel, a few men only could work together in driving iron rods into the rock by sheer manual labour; and when a sufficient number had been completed and charged with powder, a long delay was needed after the explosion of the mine before the air was fit for respiration. The demand for a new invention brought a plenteous supply of ingenious projects, none of which, however, were found to satisfy the requirements of the case, till three Piedmontese engineers—Messrs. Grandis, Grattoni, and Sommeiller—devised a mode of obtaining and applying compressed air as a mechanical agent, which, after experiment before a Government Commission, was found to be practically available for the solution of the new mechanical problem. With slight modifications suggested by experience, the new system has been completely effectual, and, apart from its immediate application to the tunnel, will probably be hereafter of vast industrial importance. In the original plan, the fall of a column of water from a height of 86 feet is employed to compress atmospheric air to one-sixth of its natural volume. The compressed air is conducted in iron tubes to a distance of one or more miles without perceptible loss by leakage, and at the required point is used to drive the boring rods, or for any other application of mechanical force. The air escaping from the machine is found quite sufficient for the ordinary ventilation of the tunnel; but after the explosion of the mines a considerable jet of compressed air is required to carry off the gases produced by the burning of gunpowder. Thus the two important operations of piercing the rock and renewing the vitiated air are accomplished by the same mechanical agent, always at hand, and under perfect control. At the southern, or Bardonnèche end of the tunnel, there is at all seasons a sufficient supply of water at the required height above the level of the machine. At the Modane terminus there is an ample supply of water in the Arc, at a comparatively low level; but the torrent intended to supply the fall of water for the production of compressed air often falls short of the demand. At first a current derived from the Arc was used to raise water to supply the deficiency; but this circuitous process evidently involved a waste

of mechanical power, and the greater part of the compressed air is now obtained by a powerful forcing pump, new in its details, which is worked directly by waterwheels driven by the current of the Arc.

The law authorizing the construction of the tunnel was passed in August, 1857, and the present Report shows that more than four years were consumed in the various works preparatory to the complete introduction of the new machinery. No time appears, however, to have been lost. As soon as the position and direction of the future tunnel were determined with moderate accuracy, men were set to work on the old system, and the result of the operations conducted for about three years on the Bardonnèche side, and for five years on that of Modane, affords a standard by which to measure the effect of the new machinery. In the time employed under the old system, equivalent to four years at both ends of the tunnel, the portion completed was just one mile in length. The new machinery was introduced at Bardonnèche early in 1861, but for many months the prospect was most discouraging. Actual trial revealed serious defects in the machines; and unexpected difficulties, of which the most serious arose from the unskilfulness and inexperience of the workmen, threatened to mar the success of the undertaking. By energy and perseverance these obstacles were overcome, but the whole work accomplished in that year was but 170 metres, or less than would have been effected by mere manual labour in the same time. In the following year, in spite of some slight accidents which interrupted the work, the length of tunnel opened was more than doubled; but it is only since the commencement of the present year that the operations can be said to have entered on their regular course. It was, indeed, only at the close of January last that the new machines, improved from the original model, were introduced at the Modane end of the tunnel, and after a short delay, caused by want of experience, they were soon in full operation. At the beginning of this year there remained just 10 kilometres, or 6¼ English miles, of tunnel still to be accomplished; and, basing his calculations on the results actually obtained, General Menabrea, the Minister of Public Works, was fully justified in counting on a future annual advance of 800 metres, or half a mile, promising the completion of the entire work in the spring of 1875. The directing engineers, who have hitherto given proof of skill and competency, are sanguine in their expectation that the period fixed may be considerably reduced. Further improvements in the machinery, and an increase in the supply of compressed air, are now in progress, and will be in operation before the close of this year.

Travellers who are given to pedestrian exercise may easily visit the works both at Modane and at Bardonnèche, passing from one place to the other by the Col de Fréjus or the Col de la Roue. Less active tourists may well content themselves with what they can see near Modane. The buildings erected in connexion with the tunnel are on a larger scale at Bardonnèche; but there is no important difference between the works at both places, while Bardonnèche is twenty-five miles by road from Susa, with a long and steep ascent, and has but wretched accommodation at two or three usually overcrowded village inns. Until lately, the Modane end of the tunnel was lit only by miner's oil lamps, but it has been found expedient to introduce gas there, as well as at the opposite end. About a mile below Modane the opening of the tunnel is seen on the side of the mountain more than 300 feet above the road. Just below it are the buildings where the air is imprisoned that is condemned to work day and night in the depths of the tunnel, to receive its liberty only when it has chased before it the gases and vapours that accumulate in its dungeon. An inclined plane, with two massive iron stages which are made alternately to ascend and descend at pleasure by introducing about two tons of water into a chamber in the upper stage, serves as a lift from the workshops to the tunnel.

The reader's first impression will probably be that the tunnel is carried in a straight line from the one opening to the other; but a moment's reflection will show that, in order to secure immediate drainage for water that may enter by infiltration, and also to facilitate the withdrawal of rock and rubbish, it is necessary that on each side of the centre the floor of the tunnel should incline towards the mouth. On the Modane side the slope is about 2 per cent.; on the opposite side it is much less, as Bardonnèche lies at a rather higher level than the north end of the tunnel. The true direction is easily preserved. A chain of signal stations has been carried across the mountain, precisely over the intended position of the tunnel; and three or four times a year, on certain holidays, when it is clear of smoke and vapour, the exact accuracy of the lines is verified by means of a brilliant light placed at the further end of each section of the tunnel seen from an observatory established opposite each entrance.

If the weather be not very warm, the visitor who has penetrated about 100 yards into the shaft is struck by the slow movement of masses of smoke or steam that seem to approach him. The explanation is that the temperature of the interior of the tunnel is usually much higher than that of the outer air. The inner air, nearly saturated with aqueous vapour, is slowly driven out by the escape of compressed air from the perforating machine, and, as soon as it becomes mixed with the colder air near the entrance, it deposits its surplus burden of vapour in the form of steam.

For a distance of about half a mile on the north side, and three-quarters of a mile at the south end, the tunnel is completed, differing in no respect from an ordinary railway tunnel save in the great iron pipe, about a foot in diameter, that conveys the

compressed air to the further end of the shaft. Excepting the passage of an occasional railway car laden with stone and rubbish, and faint sounds of distant knocking, there is nothing to suggest that hundreds of men and powerful machinery are at full work in the gallery which seems so silent and solitary. On approaching the extremity, the scene is rapidly changed. The machine which performs the first and most difficult operation of penetrating the rock opens a shaft which is only about 12 feet wide and 8 feet high, leaving to manual labour the task of enlarging the gallery to about twice its original section, and finally securing the whole against future accident by covering it with vaulted masonry. So long as the workmen are engaged in the rather dangerous operation of detaching blocks from the roof, the gallery is protected by a temporary shelter of massive beams, forming a ceiling, above which the work of excavation is continued. Amidst the bee-like crowd of busy workmen the visitor makes his way to the last section of the gallery. This is the comparatively narrow passage excavated by the machine, and, as he draws near, the rattling sound of the jumpers striking the rock announces the end of his excursion. Nearly the entire width of the little gallery is taken up by the machine, which rests upon a tramway. It consists of a strong iron framework, in the rear part of which flexible pipes conveying the compressed air are used to work a system of wheels and rack-work; while in the front, directed against the rock, are ten or eleven tubes like large gun-barrels, from which are incessantly discharged an equal number of boring rods or jumpers. The moving force is obtained directly by the admission of the compressed air behind the jumper, in such a way that the moment the blow has been struck against the rock the jumper returns to its place under a slighter pressure of air than that used to drive it forward. The instant it returns the same process is repeated, so that the blows follow with extreme rapidity, causing a continuous rattle. The tubes are moveable, so that the holes are bored in whatever direction is found most expedient. Varying with the hardness of the rock, the average time required by the machine for boring a hole 32 inches deep is rather less than an hour. As soon as about 80 holes have been bored into the rock the machine is disconnected from the main tube conveying the compressed air, and is then withdrawn to a distance of 80 or 100 yards, behind massive wooden folding-doors, designed to protect the machine and the workmen from the effects of the explosion. Miners then enter the gallery and charge the holes with powder, light the fuses, and then retire behind the doors, which are closed. After the explosion, another gang of workmen enter the gallery, and set to work to remove the rubbish in waggons running upon narrow rails laid beside the main track; and in about six hours the way is clear for the return of the machine with a fresh gang of workmen, when the same series of operations is recommenced, the work being continued day and night with but rare and short intervals of repose. The rock is a metamorphic schist of variable composition, but apparently all belonging to the carboniferous series, for the most part extremely hard, and especially difficult to work in parts where it is traversed by veins of quartz, that very quickly consume the steel points of the jumpers. If the hardness of the rock opposes a serious obstacle to the rapid progress of the work, it has the compensating advantage of great solidity, so that there is little inconvenience from the fall of detached blocks or from the infiltration of water. Hitherto the supply of water is no more than is required to furnish the fine jets which it is one of the functions of the machine to discharge against each of the holes where a jumper is at work.

Whether the time requisite to complete it be nine, ten, twelve, or fifteen years, the success of this great undertaking is now assured. The heavy expenditure required for the establishment of the machinery, and other preliminary charges, have been defrayed, and the work is now carried on at much less cost, and with more than double the speed, at which a tunnel through the same rock could be excavated in the ordinary manner. Having now the means of framing an accurate estimate, the engineers, in their present Report, declare that the total cost will not exceed 160*l*. per metre, or in all rather less than two millions sterling, of which, if the work be completed within the estimated time, nearly one-half will be ultimately defrayed by the French Government. It is now allowable to look forward to some of the immediate consequences of the achievement of this enterprise. The first, but not the most important, will be the vast increase of intercourse between France and Italy, and a great diminution in the cost and risk of transport of merchandise. But it will be the fault of the Italians themselves if this work do not make Italy the highway between Asia and the west of Europe. Brindisi is nearer to Alexandria by four days than Marseilles, and by two days than Trieste. The Italian Government shows a due sense of the future importance of that port by undertaking works which will enable it to compete with its rivals in safety and convenience. From Susa to Pescara 460 miles of railway are now open for traffic, and the line from Pescara to Brindisi, a distance of about 140 miles, is in rapid progress. It may be that, even before the completion of the tunnel, the overland mail to India may avail itself of these 500 miles of railway communication, which will replace 800 miles of sea travelling.

The practical application of compressed air as a mechanical agent, which has been one of the indirect consequences of the undertaking of the tunnel, may have hereafter results of no less importance. The means thus afforded for transferring moving power from one point to another, at a comparatively small cost, and with trifling waste, cannot fail to be of immense importance

to a country like Italy, which possesses in the streams descending from the Alps an inexhaustible reserve of mechanical power, that may hereafter be made available at distances of ten, twenty, and even thirty miles from the point where it is generated. When Turin, Milan, Bergamo, Brescia, and the other towns of Northern Italy are able to imprison the force now wasted on the declivities of the Alps, and make it subservient to control for industrial purposes, it is hard to say to what extent they may not be able to rival other centres of production, and thus recover some share of that supremacy which Italy once held among the industrial nations of Europe.

#### THE TEACHING OF THE GALLOWES.

FOUR murderers were hung on the same scaffold, on Saturday last, at Liverpool. That there was nothing very much out of the common way, either in the particulars of their respective crimes, or in their behaviour, or in the conduct of the execution itself, is our reason for asking attention to what is only accidentally a remarkable event. Apart from the single fact that it was four men who were hung, and not one, the late execution at Kirkdale Gaol would have been little noticed. The present generation, however, is not accustomed to such a terrible spectacle, though they are now only middle-aged men to whom, in the days of their youth, the sight of six or seven persons executed at once was the not uncommon result of even two consecutive assizes at the Old Bailey. Hanging-day at Newgate was nearly as much a matter of ordinary routine as the sessions itself. But the occasion has, of course, been made the most of by the Anti-Capital Punishment Society, or whatever is the title of the body, if it has corporate existence, which is engaged in agitating for the abolition of the punishment of death. All, however, that they have to say is, that it is especially horrible that four persons should be "publicly strangled" at once. Much more horrible it is, though this fact has not been much sermonized upon, that in a single town, and within a single fortnight, three bloody and brutal and, we will add, most wilful murders were committed. A period of two months covers the whole four murders, and it is only by something like a miracle that the murdered persons were not eight instead of four. As to the guilt of the prisoners there is no question, and almost a single line will summarize the crime of each. Alvarez, a Spaniard, thought he was insulted by two men in the street. Carrying a dagger after the manner of his countrymen, he instantly stabbed, and stabbed twice, one of the men, who did not die; he then stabbed, and stabbed twice, the other man, who fell mortally wounded. The second murderer was one Hughes, a drunken and debauched wretch. His wife on one occasion fetched him home from a public-house; this seems to have rankled in his mind, and the next morning, after sleeping over his affront, he broke the woman's back and pounded her to death. O'Brien, another of the criminals, was robbed at a brothel. After an interval of some time, and an ineffectual attempt to interest the police in his case, he vowed he would "have satisfaction in his own way." After receiving repeated warnings, both from the police and a female companion, of the danger he was running, he deliberately purchased a knife, drove in a cab to the brothel, stabbed the woman who had robbed him or was privy to the robbery, and made a murderous assault on an inmate of the place. The provocation of the fourth murderer, Thomas, was that the woman with whom he lodged—the keeper of a sailors' boarding-house, to whom he was indebted—had threatened him with the police-court if he did not join the vessel to which he had shipped himself. This woman's skull he "literally smashed to atoms" with a formidable instrument called a potato-masher; and the murder took place in a cellar, to which he had specially decoyed his victim. He then seems to have run a-muck; and, having tasted blood, the whole tiger-nature was roused, and he all but murdered two other women whose sole offence was that they were on the spot.

So much for the crimes of these four murderers; and the only extenuation offered is the very curious, or rather the very mendacious, one that they had not "planned the murder of their victims." As though buying a knife in one case, or as though inveigling a woman into a cellar in another, or as though telling a wife "that he would be hung for her yet" in Hughes' case, was not planning, and wilful and deliberate planning! It is admitted, by those who stigmatize this fourfold execution, that these men were each and all of them "monsters of rage and cruelty, and wild beasts in human shape." And yet it is urged, in the same breath, that it was wrong to hang them, and that "the gallows propagates the seed that ripens into death." We are told, moreover, that the most strenuous exertions were urged to obtain a commutation of the capital sentence, and, in the case of the worst criminal of the four—Thomas, who was guilty of the all but triple murder—on the homicidal-mania plea. And no doubt the fanatics were right in using their most strenuous exertions on this occasion, for, had one of these men escaped his righteous fate, the gallows could never again have been erected in England. There was nothing romantic about the criminals or their crimes. They were simply wilful murderers—the Spaniard, of the four, alone exhibiting little or no premeditation; and the cases are in this respect typical. The men deserved death neither more nor less than hundreds of those who have gone before them to the fatal tree; but had they escaped it, there could have been no more hanging. These four Liverpool murderers represent murder in the abstract, and everybody seems to have recognised this feature in the case. We have no very extravagant sensation pictures of their last hours; they murdered, were convicted, sentenced, and



were penitent, and were hung according to the card. They answered to the received type, for the most part. Three, at least, of these wretches seem to have profited by their crimes; and, as we are so often told in such cases, the condemned cell became the gate of Paradise. Alvarez, we find, "derived much comfort from the ministrations" of the priest. O'Brien "believed that he had made his peace with his Maker." Hughes was not only "comfortable in his mind," but "felt assured that he was going to Jesus." Thomas alone differed from this saintly triad, and died "perfectly callous and indifferent to his fate." All this is of the usual character of prison penitence, and it shows that there is a certain recognised matter-of-course form in it all. And as it was in the last hours of the condemned, so was it at the scaffold. The crowd was reckoned at 100,000 persons. Excursion trains swelled the vast assembly till it included all who at high noon in such a place as Liverpool could get within view of the prison wall; and no extraordinary scenes are related or invented of the behaviour of the multitude, though, had Mr. Dickens been present, he might doubtless have got some grotesque word-painting out of the appalling scene. Indeed, the crowd behaved with what may be called propriety rather than otherwise. The only innovation was in one particular of the act of execution. A sort of screen was erected, behind which the murderers dropped; that is to say, the act of hanging was in public, but the death-struggle was concealed from the spectators. It seems to be doubtful, however, whether this is an innovation at all; and it is also doubtful whether the spectacle of the dead body hung out in *terrorem* ought to be dispensed with. It may be all very well to spare the mob the sight of the death-throes and mortal agonies; but there seems to be no reason why the screen should not be removed five minutes after "the fatal bolt is drawn." The suspension for an hour in the sight of all men is at least a considerable element in the publicity of the whole action of a public execution, and the advantages of the Liverpool plan are somewhat questionable.

Failing, then, in any attempt to disguise or extenuate the guilt of these four brutal murderers, and unable to extract any special argument from any remarkable circumstance either of the crimes, the criminals, or the execution, the opponents of capital punishment are forced to the monstrous assumption that the gallows acts rather as an incentive to crime than as a preventive and deterring instrument. Here, they say, were four murderers condemned at a single bloody assize, and one of the murderers is known to have witnessed an execution. We shall not attempt to repeat all the arguments which we have on more than one occasion urged in favour of capital punishment, but we must protest against an assumption which is almost impudent. Executions are, we are told, of no use, because with executions we have perhaps fifty murders a year. Surely, in a case where there is absolutely no experience, we are as much entitled to say that we should probably have a hundredfold more murders without the gallows as to argue that a public execution deters no possible murderer, because Hughes saw two men hung and afterwards committed a murder himself. Because, as a matter of fact, Hughes was not deterred from crime by the sight of a public execution, therefore nobody else ever was, ever will be, or ever can be, deterred. Omniscience like this is an attribute we do not pretend to. Not being admitted into the secrets of all hearts, we cannot of course point out even one among the possible multitudes who daily bridle their fierce passions and murderous appetites because they know full well that the gallows awaits the murderer. But, arguing from the familiar facts of human nature, we know that the fear of lesser punishments does daily deter men from all sorts of minor crimes. This we know, and it remains to be shown why a motive operating every day, and counteracting all sorts of temptations, should not be at least as strong in the case of the worst of crimes and the heaviest of punishments as of the lighter ones. To be consistent, the opponents of capital punishment should equally oppose all punishment. The gallows does not stop murder; nor does the prison stop theft; therefore let both be abolished. At the best they are useless; and in either case the question of cruelty is only one of degree.

On the whole, we may repeat that it is the grossest and most illogical of assumptions to conclude, without a particle of even attempted proof, that public executions in general, or the Liverpool execution in particular, produce only brutalizing effects even on the spectators. It is just as fair to assume that their results even on the spectators are edifying. But these results are only remote and indirect, and comparatively unimportant. Public executions are to be justified on other grounds than their effects on bystanders. They are designed not only to prevent possible murder, but to avenge actual murder. They are great retributive acts; they represent and embody the last and most solemn and weightiest impersonation of Eternal Justice. An execution is retaliatory, and is to be defended as such. As we no longer hang men for other crimes than that of murder, life for life becomes a social necessity. Any other punishment than that of death is incommensurate with the crime; and we cannot afford to place the sanctity of human life and the safety of our spoons under the same sanctions.

#### HOLIDAY-MAKING.

NOTHING would seem, at first sight, easier than to make a holiday. We grow up from our earliest boyhood with the idea that the words "holidays" and "vacation" express the nearest approach to Paradise that this gloomy earth can furnish.

No schoolboy or undergraduate would dream that it could ever be necessary for Lord Russell and the *Times* to impress upon the world the necessity of a holiday. It is such a pleasant thing to look forward to, that when it comes one would think it must be the easiest thing in the world to do. Beyond the long vista of months of stifling law-courts, or incessant office-work, or tedious committee-rooms, the prospect of the Long Vacation smiles upon the hard-worked man as pleasantly as a distant well on a traveller in the desert, or the first sight of the chimneys of his hotel on the wearied Alpinist. It is the next resting-place in the toilsome up-hill journey of life upon which he fixes his eye, to revive his energies when nerves and brain begin to flag. While the Long Vacation is still at a distance, he no more dreams of any difficulty in enjoying it than a hungry man doubts his own capacity for eating.

Yet a very moderate study of the touring Englishman or Englishwoman will suffice to convince an observer that the fact is not so easy as it seems. At least, if the English do enjoy their holidays, they take a great deal of trouble to conceal their bliss from vulgar eyes. They carefully suppress all the outward marks by which their inward transports might be betrayed; and, in fact, they generally assume the demeanour which is supposed to imply a very opposite state of mind. If their appearance of vexation and *ennui* is really feigned, it must be admitted that the counterfeit is remarkably well done. In fact, they have entirely taken foreigners in. The well-known habits and aspect of an English family travelling abroad for their pleasure have generated those fables touching the number of suicides perpetrated off London Bridge, by which foreigners are wont to express their profound commiseration for our national low spirits. It is a great calumny. If they knew an Englishman at his club—as he lolls in an easy chair, skimming over a novel, or dipping at random into the newest piece of sensational theology, or chatting unconstrainedly with a friend—they would see no traces of depression, no scowl of annoyance upon his face. If they could see the Englishwoman as she wanders through a West-end *modiste's* show-rooms, feasting her eyes upon the glorious things that lie before her, and putting off the moment of purchasing in order to taste to the full the exquisite perplexity of choice, they would not say she was enjoying herself *moult tristement*. But when English people go out in a formal manner to take their pleasure for a couple of months, they are changed beings. Every variety and gradation of painful emotion may be illustrated by a trainful of English pleasure-seekers—from the indignation of the father of the family, who is certain that he has been cheated because he cannot find his way through the mazes of a foreign coinage, to the plaintive languor of his youngest daughter, who is wondering how long it will be before the journey is over. The salient characteristic of the Englishman on his travels is that he appears to have the luggage perpetually on his mind. He wanders through beautiful scenery, or conscientiously performs the prescribed round of lionizing, with a mind preoccupied, and at every interval his thoughts turn back moodily to his carpet-bag. Or, if some happy precaution has set his mind at ease concerning its fate, he still cannot banish care. He has got a certain amount to do in the day, and he is quite certain that his party will not succeed in getting through it. He seems to move under an abiding consciousness that he will be too late for something. A great number of English people, perhaps the greater number, do not leave home to travel, but simply to change their residence for a certain period. But though these are free from the custody of luggage, and run no danger of being late for the train, they are not much more skilful in real holiday-making than the tourist. The idea that they ought to be doing something during their holidays haunts them too. They do not like the holidays to close, and the time for returning home to come round again, and to find them unable to give a description of some one thing that they have done or seen. The day will surely come when they will sit next to somebody at dinner, who, in the hope of finding a topic for conversation, will ask them what they have been doing during the autumn. And what will be their confusion of face if they have nothing wherewith to reply to him! Bearing in mind, therefore, the account they must render when they go home, they torment themselves with devising excursions and expeditions which give them no particular pleasure and a good deal of trouble, but which enable them to look back with a satisfied conscience upon a well-spent vacation.

The causes which spoil an Englishman's holiday, and give to the English pleasure-seeker such a dreary aspect, are not discreditable to him, though in this particular instance they are pernicious. It is the national love of duty that spoils it all. An Englishman cannot bear not to have a track before him when the day begins, or not to have accomplished something when the day is over. "Must" pursues him wherever he goes. If he travels, he proposes to himself a certain amount of ground which he must go over, and a certain number of lions which he must see. If he stays, still he must make himself acquainted with the peculiarities of the people he is among, and see all that is remarkable in the immediate neighbourhood. If he leaves a country without having seen it thoroughly, or passes by some remarkable object which is near his route, he feels an uncomfortable twinge of conscience as though he had neglected some important moral law. His vacation consists in a perpetual series of self-imposed obligations, to the performance of which he girds himself with as much inexorable resolution as he brings to bear upon the mastering of a very dry brief, or the adjustment of an unusually complicated account. It is not surprising that in the performance of these duties he wears a businesslike, not to say a sour aspect, which is not wholly consistent

with the notion of self-enjoyment current among the foreigners whom he elbows out of his way. The truth is that he has a certain enjoyment in travelling, but he does not experience it while he travels. It conveys pleasure to him partly in the occasion it furnishes for future conversations, and for reminiscences of a roseate but somewhat apocryphal hue, but far more in the gratification which he has already derived by making out his tour. There lives no one with heart so dead who has not experienced, before his illusions were destroyed, the delight of arranging his plans for the summer. A tour accomplished in a London drawing-room, by the help of *Murray* and *Bradshaw* and a good map, has a charm about it to which its actual counterpart but poorly corresponds. The plans made in such moments of enthusiasm are usually of the boldest kind. The intending tourist is proudly superior to discomfort and fatigue while they are removed from him by the space of a full month. Fifteen hours a day in the railway seems a mere trifle, viewed from that enchanting distance. His courage is equal to any amount of churches or picture-galleries that can be crammed into the programme of a morning's work. But the inevitable retribution comes at last. He feels in honour bound to accomplish a good part at least of the tour he has laid out; and he may be seen any time in August and September working out, with sad countenance but steadfast heart, the sentence of two months' hard labour he imposed upon himself during the reckless enthusiasm of July.

This conscientious performance of the duties of holiday-making may be very laudable; and it may result in the collection of a certain amount of information and a considerable quantity of material for conversation. But it is scarcely enjoyment, and still less is it rest. The very idea of a duty of any kind is utterly antipathetic to repose. What a man's mode of enjoyment or repose may be must depend, of course, entirely upon his temperament. There is one class who enjoy themselves by climbing crags, another by reading novels in an arm-chair, and a third by sitting upon a gate and whistling. Any one of these three modes of getting rid of time, and a hundred others, are perfectly compatible with the repose which the *Times* very justly declares to be of primary necessity to the hardly worked intellects of our generation. But they cease to be rest, and are only another kind of work speciously disguised, when they form part of a fixed plan which must be accomplished whatever the inclination of the moment may be. A good deal of the overwork from which men suffer in the present age comes from relying too confidently upon the doctrine that change of work is rest. The statesman whom we have lost most recently, and whom we have most cause to deplore, was a man who practically gave himself no rest, because he only relieved one serious occupation by another. He was always pursuing an object of some kind, both in the holiday time and the working time of his life; and the result was that his life was brought to a premature close. Few men are such gluttons of work as Sir George Lewis; but the error of English holiday-makers is the same in kind. A holiday, to be really beneficial, should be an interval of absolutely purposeless existence. People who work hard enough to make repose a duty should start with the consoling maxim that, during their holiday, whatever is unpleasant is wrong.

#### PRIVATE BILL LEGISLATION.

PARLIAMENT is very generally supposed to have done little or nothing during the late Session. One honourable member is reported to have recently told his constituents that, if he were asked what the House of Commons had passed since February, he should say that that Assembly had only passed a certain number of months. And certainly, if Parliament is to be judged by the number or importance of the Public Acts which find their way to the Statute-book, by the stirring character of its party debates, or by the tendency of its discussions permanently to influence public opinion in the country, the Session of 1863 has not yielded an average amount of reputation to the British Legislature. There is, nevertheless, work done in Parliament, even during its dreariest Sessions, of which, as of its greatest men, the world knows nothing. In a region beyond the eye of the Speaker or the ears of the reporters, this work is carried on. Even when both Chambers of the Great Council of the nation are vacant, and their doors closed, the hum of our Parliamentary machinery may be heard in those legislative workshops which line the long corridors of the Palace at Westminster. It is not too much to say that it is in the Committee-rooms that the real hard work of Parliament is done. Without affecting strict statistical accuracy, it may be said that the Private Bill as compared with the Public Bill legislation of Parliament is in the proportion of something like three to one in favour of the former. And when not only the vast and increasing amount of this department of legislative labour is considered, but the immense pecuniary interests at stake, and the arbitrary powers thereby sought and conferred of interference with private rights, it is no matter of surprise that the regulation of this particular portion of its duties, and the promotion therein of efficiency, economy, and despatch, should from time to time have demanded and received the serious consideration of both Houses of Parliament. During the last quarter of a century, within which period an amount said to exceed half the National Debt has been invested in the railways which now intersect the United Kingdom in all directions, at least half a dozen Select Committees of Lords and Commons have inquired and reported on all the possible simplifications and improvements which might be introduced into the

administration of those judicial functions of Parliament, the labour of which has been at least trebled since the Legislature has been compelled to decide under what conditions an entirely new system of highways should be created in this country. The most recent recommendations which have been submitted to Parliament on this subject are embodied in a Report presented to the House of Commons by a Select Committee, appointed in February last, at the instance of the President of the Board of Trade. The Standing Orders relating to Private Bills having been considered and revised during the previous Session, it was thought desirable to refer to the Committee, which has recently reported, the wider questions of the mode by which the costs incident to Parliamentary Committees might be diminished, together with the expediency or otherwise of delegating to some tribunal, to be invested with such functions as might be surrendered by Parliament, the whole or a portion of those duties which Private Bill Committees now discharge.

This Committee, having been occupied for three months in examining various witnesses of official and professional experience, and several members of both Houses of Parliament—including, among others, Lord Redesdale, Colonel Wilson Patten, Lord Grey, Mr. Erskine May, and Mr. Massey—appear to have sifted the merits of the various reforms in Private Bill legislation which were submitted to their notice. The most prominent of the recommendations brought forward by the witnesses appear to have involved—1. The establishment of an extra-Parliamentary and salaried tribunal, either attached to or independent of the executive Government, and invested with powers of preliminary inquiry and of issuing "Provisional Orders" or "Certificates" which, in the absence of protest or adverse petition, should have the force of law. Differences of detail will be found in the evidence adduced in support of this view, which may be said, substantially, to involve the delegation to a Court of Law or to the Executive Government of a large portion of the duties now discharged by Parliament. 2. The second suggested innovation on the present practice which demands notice was the appointment of three paid Chairmen, being members of Parliament, to be selected each Session by the Speaker, and to which three Chairmen (aided by two unpaid assessors, to be changed every ten days by the Committee of Selection) the conduct of all Private Bill legislation throughout the Session should be committed. 3. A third suggestion, which was supported by much concurrent testimony, pointed to the consolidation of the existing tribunals by welding both Houses of Parliament into one for the purposes of these investigations, and thus saving the cost and delay of a double inquiry by two successive Committees.

In the last of these three recommendations the Committee appear, from the 4th resolution appended to their Report, to have finally acquiesced. The first two were dismissed as being, on various grounds, impracticable or inexpedient. It seems to have been felt that, in whatever form a new extra-Parliamentary tribunal might be created for the despatch of private business—whether in that suggested by Lord Redesdale, or with the organization proposed respectively by Mr. Erskine May, and by Lord Grey and Mr. Rickards—the ultimate decision upon all opposed undertakings now requiring the sanction of special Acts must, by the concurrent testimony of all the witnesses examined, rest with the Legislature. How far the time, expense, or labour now involved in Parliamentary litigation, might be reduced by the constitution of any new tribunal appears therefore, to say the least, to be a very doubtful problem. The experiments of the "Preliminary Inquiries Act," and of the Reports now furnished by the Admiralty and Board of Trade, do not in their results afford much encouragement to further movements in the same direction in contested cases. The idea of converting members of Parliament into salaried Judges, for the discharge of those duties which the Chairmen of Private Bill Committees now perform, was supported only by the evidence of two witnesses, and appears, from the somewhat curt allusion to the subject in the Report of the Committee, to have been rather summarily dismissed. To the ten or twelve members of the House of Commons who are now content to discharge, without pay or praise, the most obscure and arduous of its duties, the position may, perhaps, be tolerable so long as it has the merit of being honorary. The negative reputation of inaccessibility to intrigue and private influence in matters gravely affecting public interests, may possibly compensate in some degree those gentlemen who have been cooped up in ill-ventilated Parliamentary Committee-rooms, and condemned (as in more than one instance during the late Session) to a Lenten abstinence of forty days from any intellectual diet more varied or invigorating than the squabbles of engineers and lawyers over curves, gradients, and Consolidation Acts. But let the salaries of these gentlemen become the subject of annual contest in the Estimates, and let the question whether 1000*l.* or 500*l.* a year apiece is or is not an adequate remuneration for their services be periodically raised by financial reformers in the House of Commons, and we should perhaps ere long discover that members of Parliament who are now content to do the work for nothing would not be quite so willing, for the sake of half the salary of a Registrar of Bankrupts, to descend from a position which, if not dignified, is at all events independent, to that of ill-paid stipendiaries, condemned to listen to a yearly controversy on the cheapening of their services. It has, moreover, been hitherto



assumed, on all hands, that the Private Bill Fee-fund should, at all events, cover all the expenses of Parliament arising out of this branch of its functions. This fund is said to yield at present an average revenue of about 50,000*l.* a-year, and though a large portion of it is undoubtedly applied in liquidation of expenses with which the suitors before Parliament have no concern, and from which they derive no personal advantage—as for instance, in defraying the salaries of the Speaker and Sergeant-at-Arms—it is more than probable that, when the reduction of the “House Fees” recommended by the Committee is carried out, no balance will be left in ordinary years to meet any fresh charge on the revenue arising from that source.

Dismissing, however, those suggestions offered by their witnesses which the Committee on Private Bill Legislation have discarded, and passing on to those which they have incorporated in their Report, we shall find that it contains some important recommendations well worthy of the attention of Parliament. The principal resolutions of the Committee advise action on the part of the House of Commons in two ways:—1. By legislation. Bills, notices of which have been already given by the President of the Board of Trade, are to be prepared and brought in for the revision and adaptation to altered circumstances of the Clauses Consolidation Acts of 1845. It is further recommended, with a view to simplify and expedite proceedings in the case of unopposed undertakings, that a Bill should be introduced giving the authority of law to the certificate of a public department (probably the Board of Trade), entrusting certain defined powers to the promoters of such schemes without the intervention of Parliament. 2. The resolutions of the Committee further recommend the action of the House of Commons in the revision of the Standing Orders. The principal recommendations falling under this head are as follows:—First, the adoption of a system by which, under an arrangement between the two Houses, a single hearing might be made to serve the purposes of the present double inquiry before two successive Committees. Secondly, certain alterations in the constitution and regulations of Private Bill Committees, by which the number of members of each Committee may be reduced from five to three, and their hour of meeting fixed at eleven o'clock, and the number of days for which each member shall be required to serve may not exceed ten in each Session. How far the House of Commons may be disposed to accept or act upon these propositions remains to be proved. Thirdly, the Committee advise a revision of the scale of fees now chargeable in respect of Parliamentary proceedings. Instead of the *ad valorem* fees now charged at each stage of a Private Bill in proportion to the capital proposed to be raised, a uniform fee on all Bills is recommended. The “copying fees,” now charged at four times the actual cost of the work done, are condemned. It is further advised that the scale of fees allowed, on taxation, to counsel, should be considerably reduced. If it were (as it is not) the practice of Parliamentary litigants to avail themselves of the machinery now provided for taxing costs, this last suggestion would be more valuable than it seems at present likely to prove.

Such being in substance the recommendations of the Committee, they may be said to leave the present system of Private Bill legislation, so far as its main principles are concerned, untouched and unaltered. The reforms suggested affect, for the most part, only details, and involve no organic change; and this is precisely the result which, from the nature of the case and the difficulties which beset the subject the more carefully and minutely it is investigated, was to have been anticipated. That Parliamentary Committees should escape the adverse insinuations to which all tribunals in a free country are submitted, that disappointed litigants at their bar should refrain from the exercise of the ordinary privileges of defeat, would be to place them beyond the laws of criticism to which all human institutions are amenable. To such criticism a tribunal selected by a process which, in order to insure impartiality, incurs the risk of incapacity on the part of its judges, is peculiarly exposed. Nor does the circumstance that its advocates are remunerated rather in proportion to the quantity than the quality of their utterances render that section of the community who have to defend their own or assail their neighbour's rights in Parliament especially tolerant or good-tempered under the vicissitudes to which they, in common with all other litigants, are liable. It sounds very shocking, no doubt, to frugal ears that fifty or sixty thousand pounds should have been spent in this or that Committee-room in fighting over a Bill which Parliament has, after all, refused to sanction. But in what respect this extravagance differs in enormity, or in the outrage on public opinion which it involves, from the reckless and speculative expenditure of which the proceedings of our Courts of Law and Equity afford us almost daily examples, it would be difficult to discern. The price of law, as of every other article, good or bad, will always be regulated by the demand. Corporate bodies and individuals whose resources are now frittered away in litigation have to blame themselves, and not Parliament, for the consequences. That serious defects exist in our system of Private Bill legislation nobody denies. Remedies for some of the most obvious of these defects are pointed out in the Report of the Committee to which we have adverted. Let us hope that those or some other remedies will be speedily applied.

To extinguish speculative litigation, or check profitless competition, is a task beyond the strength of any tribunal hitherto constituted in this or any other country. To contrive a costless and self-acting machinery, which shall arbitrate aright in the conflicting and complicated disputes in which the rights of private property and the claims of the community at large have to be adjusted and reconciled,

is beyond the genius of statesmen. Let us, by all means in our power, reform, if need be, our Parliamentary tribunals, and adapt their apparatus to the material we have now to deal with. The looms of Lancashire are said to need some contrivances to fit them for the substitution of Indian for American cotton. It is quite possible that the Railway era may have introduced a raw material for litigation into our Parliamentary Committee-rooms, for which their ancient machinery needs modern adaptations. Among the elements of strength required to enable amateur judges to hold their own against advocates who are paid by the syllable, and agents who are spending the money of helpless corporations, has been included by high authorities on this subject the power to award costs in cases of vexatious proceedings by opponents or promoters of Private Bills. There are, indeed, on the other hand, those who ridicule all attempts to tinker these tribunals as utterly hopeless—root-and-branch Reformers who (though unprepared with any substitute for the present system) assert that the time has arrived when it must be either wholly remodelled or for ever abolished. By critics so bold and dashing and unpractical, the suggestions of the Committee on Private Bill Legislation will probably be at once thrown aside as meagre and resultless; but be this as it may, the community at large will, we suspect, endorse the unanimous opinion expressed in the opening paragraph of their Report, that—“No Court of Inquiry could be constituted for the purpose of investigating such questions as arise on the consideration of contested Private Bills, which, on the whole, would be so satisfactory to the public as Committees composed of members of the Houses of Parliament.”

#### SMOKING ON RAILWAYS.

OURS is a country, on the whole, of fixed institutions, but with habits largely progressive. We are constantly breaking new tracks, but they as constantly tend to form themselves into ruts, and we run therein. Hence arises a friction between established and once acknowledged rules on the one side, and the constantly sliding scale of conventional practice on the other. Railways are looked upon as the national symbol of progress; yet, once established, they seem to stereotype themselves and fall into the rut of British immobility, and are as slow to exhibit any self-adjusting power to the progressive instincts of human nature as the Court of Chancery ever was. The same rigidly quadrangular second-class carriages—the same insulation of each group of passengers from the controlling authority, in whatever state of panic or peril they may be—and the same partly futile and partly mischievous restriction on the whiff of a cigar, prevail (with some few exceptions) over the vast net-work which covers the island, that were established a quarter of a century ago, when scarce two mails left London by train.

With the first two of these inconveniences we will not at present meddle. Some energetic directors have, indeed, qualified of late the first, by sloping the back of the box, and padding it partially with cushions, but the ground plan remains as rigidly quadrangular as if literally a regular “brick” was expected for an occupant. The second evil which we have mentioned has been of late so forcibly illustrated and so fully discussed, that we will not now make a full cup overflow by recurring to it. But it may be worth while to put the third in a practical light, and to show that the regulation which confronts the passenger in large type, before he takes his seat or his ticket, to the effect that “smoking is strictly prohibited”—adding the threat of a fine of 4*s.* in case of his being detected in the prohibited indulgence—is all but wholly inoperative. In general, if his fellow passengers have no personal repugnance to his enjoyment, the smoker who will stoop, on necessity, to an evasion finds very little difficulty in indulging. The little difficulty which there is works, of course, to the disadvantage of those whose subjective standard of ethics—call it conscience, honour, or a sense of what is due to themselves—sets them, in all cases, above any evasion whatever. The scrupulous betray themselves, and the unscrupulous secure immunity. It is the easy morality which we often see in legislation—letting the crow off and hitting the pigeon hard. Probably the crows form the great majority, and the volume of smoke is not sensibly diminished by the latter suppressing their contributions. So that—to sum the matter up—it may nearly be said that all smoke who choose, except those whom the *liberum veto* exercised by an individual fellow passenger may check.

This last is a variable condition. Many persons, in certain states of their own mind or body, or of the weather, will churlishly refuse or graciously accede accordingly. The same man who, the wind being east and the stocks having fallen against him, would offer to fine the surreptitious smoker 4*s.* if he but showed a cheroot, would, on returning from the race in which he had won a heavy book, not only tolerate the fume, but “stand” the cigars. There are some, again, who have a constitutional dread of fire, and who would gladly acquiesce if the cigar could be smoked without being lighted, but whose apprehensions of ignition overpower their wishes to oblige. There are, of course, the usual steady-going old maids, of either sex, who always object “on principle;” and there are the ladies of thorny virtue, who think it improper to accede to any request from a strange male, “as there's no knowing what he may ask for next.” There are also invalids, whose deranged organism smoke really injures, or whose delicate nerves it seriously affects. There are men who have left off smoking, because they drove it to a vicious excess, and who are better out of temptation's way. All these claim to be protected from intrusive tobacco; but,

practically, they must take the initiative, without which the law will remain a dead letter. Any one of them may, if duly fenced with moral courage, hold at bay a carriage full of ardent smokers; or, on the other hand, an old sea captain or commercial traveller, having the gift of "brass," may puff his nuisance in the nostrils of an interior full of the dyspeptic or the consumptive, and laugh, "chaff," or cajole them into endurance.

We revert for a moment to the subject of evasion. This can hardly be avoided so long as smokers increase and the regulation exists. This, however, if the regulation were practically efficient on the whole, would be no sufficient argument against it. Our objection to it is that it produces a large amount of evasion, and produces little else; and so it must always be. We may imagine, indeed, a railway police with nasal sagacity sufficient to trace the nicotinic fume to the real offender among half a dozen occupants, or to tell to a nicety whether the smoke perceptible in one carriage arose from its occupants or from their neighbours. Again, we may conceive them armed with authority to search the person, and regard all smokeables discovered thereon, when combined with a palpable recent fume, as evidence of the fact; or, again, the law might go so far as to fine all the occupants of the same compartment *en masse*—the smokers unknown as principals, and the rest as accessories—for not checking the lawless proceeding by giving instant information. But with the olfactory nerve as nature has given it, and taking the law as it stands, it would require the preventive service to be largely increased in order to produce any sensible diminution of the furtive practice. This would develop the item of "wages" most unseasonably in the half-yearly balance-sheet, which already contains too many ugly lumps on the wrong side. Now, evasion being the wide rule, and evasion the narrow exception, the regulation damages public morals more than it protects public comfort. It fosters a readiness to connive on the part of the servants, as well as to equivocate on the part of the passengers, and indeed the habitual sagacity of the former tempts them to press the rule just so far as suits their own interest. The concentrated result of railway by-laws has been stereotyped by *Punch* in his facetious vignette, where *Guard log*.—"There are two things forbidden on this railway, gentlemen—one is smoking in the carriages, and the other giving any money to the servants." The two regulations are made for each other and harmonize exactly. Thus the dyspeptic or asthmatic passenger is haunted by vaporous clouds from some neighbouring compartment where the usual understanding has been entered into with the guard, who compassionately treats all his protestations as a profound mistake.

Thus far we rest the case on general grounds, and suggest that, on these alone, a system should be adopted—as, in fact, on a few lines, it has been for some time past—of attaching smoking carriages in the rear of all trains, to which smoking rooms at the stations might reasonably be added. A small fee might be charged, if thought worth while. Thousands would gladly pay it; and the company would soon realise enough to defray all the fines levied on them for casualties by juries in the excursion season. Morals would be purer, the carriages less reeky, the risk of fire less, the public more comfortable, the servants relieved of an invidious charge, the company enriched. Under the existing system there is a constant call for dodging, shifting, "tipping," and equivocating, and there is desultory smoke ever flitting about, and the stale aroma, which even to a votary of tobacco is a nuisance, sticking in the cushions. Wherever the practice which we suggest has been adopted, no ill effect whatever has been known to follow from its use. But we will take the prejudices of mutually antagonistic sections of the community, and show that such a change as we propose would best meet the views of those who condemn and those who defend smoking.

First, let us take the extremest possible view—that of the eminently ascetic Dean, whose example of temperance shows itself in his drink, but does not extend to his language, and who, under the paternal rule of James I. and VI., would certainly have risen to be an archbishop. The very Rev. Dr. Counterblast might say:—"Tobacco is a gorging fiend, let us do what we can to intercept his ravages by preventing contagion between smokers and the untainted residue of the public. By all means let them not ride in the same carriage, lest the doom which, sooner or later, is the smoker's portion fall upon innocent and guilty alike. The man who would light a pipe would pick a pocket; but if the Legislature will not take my advice, and exclude smokers from the benefit of railway travelling, let the latter at least feel the ban of social excommunication, and be treated even as negroes are in the Northern States—thrust forth, as an unclean offscouring of humanity, into a vehicle by themselves."

We next proceed to consider the views of an old-fashioned gentleman of the grand Georgian era, who has taken "Prince's mixture" these fifty years, but holds the ignited weed in polite abhorrence. He will recount his acute sufferings when, there being family affairs of importance to be settled, he took a place in the mail train, and was kept from sleep all night by the fumes of a lively party of subalterns in the next compartment, who regularly opened fire as soon as the train was in motion, and had their whiff over before it reached the station, evading his detection, and defying his threats. He woke next morning from hurried slumber in an hotel, and found his peruke—faugh! not all the perfumes of the Georgian era were able to overcome the pertinacious odour of the weed. Following the traditions of the same golden age, he sent a challenge to the whole party, but discovered that one of the subs was his own nephew, and

wrote at once to get him cashiered. He could not obtain that favour, but struck him out of his will, and also brought an action to compel the railway company to deodorize their own cushions and his perukes. "Why," he concludes, "not have a 'dickie' behind every train to receive these riotous young savages, and enable a gentleman—the few who are left now—a-days—to breathe freely during his journey, and feel presentable on getting out?"

On the other hand, our smoke-consuming lieutenant thinks it "a shame a fellow can't have a weed without all this botheration. Always smokes, except when there is danger of being rude to a lady, or, since his uncle had cut him, of a forty-shilling fine. The present regulation leads to a great waste of matches, by which many holes are burnt in a fellow's coats and wraps. Had paid the fine once, and must have paid it many times over in tipping the guard. Remembers that night in the mail train. 'Nunkey' was great fun, and wanted to fight the whole lot of them, but has cut him dead ever since; and where is the money for his captaincy to come from now? Knows a stunning line, where the porters always whisper 'Do you want to smoke, Sir?' at least, to others, never to him—to him they bring a cigar as a thing of course. Capital good weeds they are, too! Is aware that it is forbidden to give money to the servants. Lots of things are forbidden, in the army and out of it, but no one makes himself unhappy about them. Should he object to a smoking carriage? Of course not. It would be the very thing for keeping one out of the way of uncles and other aged or dyspeptic humbugs, who were the victims of the prejudices of a bygone age. If there had been a smoking carriage, he shouldn't have been cut off with a shilling."

Another, a steady-going old smoker, "dislikes the discomfort of feeling that a man mustn't do what he can't do without; hates the risk of being bothered by police, and badgered by old ladies. Doesn't want to annoy other people, that would effectually prevent his enjoyment. Likes a pipe above all things, but dislikes asking a lady if she has no objection. In the chilly weather, especially, tobacco is indispensable to the well-being of the human frame, and after the wretched comestibles which the so-called 'refreshment' rooms furnish, some real refresher is, in his opinion, necessary. Why should people of opposite tastes be forced into neighbourhood, and made unneighbourly, when a simple arrangement might preclude any such necessity? Tobacco rightly applied conduces always to mutual good-humour. Why should a man waiting for a train an hour and a half have his pipe put out? Thinks that the smoking room at the station is as necessary as a smoking carriage in the train; and believes the companies might make a deuced good thing of it, if they would only open their eyes, and look that way." We will not add to the argument by any less original comments. The public must judge whether the allegations of these various malcontents are genuine or fictitious. We learn, however, from a recent letter from the *Times*' Paris correspondent, that persons of opposite habits on French railways are allowed to afflict and be afflicted respectively in an increased ratio of late. We will conclude with citing his testimony:—

At this moment of much travelling it is appropriate to mention complaints that have reached me with respect to certain French railways, and especially in the matter of smoking. To the testimony of recent travellers I may add that of my own experience of the difficulty one often has in France to get a place in a carriage where smoking is prohibited, and where the prohibition is strictly respected. The proper way would manifestly be to have a rigorous *line of demarcation*, to have some carriages in which no smoking should ever be allowed, and others marked and kept as smoking carriages. Instead of that, persons to whom tobacco smoke is really noxious are frequently compelled to endure it, with the accompanying disagreeable of profuse spitting all round them. It not unfrequently happens, too, in Continental railways that one department of a carriage is given to smokers and the other to non-smokers, perhaps including ladies; and as it is a common practice to place the lamp in first-class carriages in an opening in the partition between the departments (so as to light three of these with two lamps), the smoke finds an easy passage round the lamp, and the nuisance is nearly the same as if there were smoking going on in each department. If the French railway companies wish to encourage foreigners to travel in France, they will find this a point quite worth attending to. The French railways are, in some respects, much to be commended—especially for the general intelligence and civility of the conductors and others connected with the trains—but of late they have got into bad repute with many persons, simply on account of the smoking nuisance.

#### PREVENTION AND CURE.

WE do not propose to go over again the ground occupied in a paper in our last number headed "The Sin in Scarlet;" but it is necessary to supplement the observations which we then made. The value of the proposed remedial measures about to be adopted for the army and navy is, of course, only partial. All that is to be attempted is to do something to secure the health of certain public servants. If we pay men for their time and strength, it is said that we have a special right to see that such time and health are profitably and economically saved to the employer. The argument will probably not be seriously contested; but it will become the duty, both of those who urge and of those who accept it, to see that it is legitimately and logically carried out. For ourselves, we are candid and, perhaps, imprudent enough to admit that we value the proposed system of establishing Lock Hospitals in garrison and seaport towns chiefly because it is the thin end of the wedge. Merely to establish such hospitals will do but little, though in such a grave case a little is something, to prevent the spread of infection; but the remedial attempt will and must be soon followed by the preventive check. Registration and inspection of diseased women must be added to the purely medical



treatment of actual cases of disease. If it is the duty of the State to control infection in cases of cholera or yellow fever, it is still more the duty of the State to control infection of the blood. If we have duties to the living, we have more stringent duties to the unborn. The strength of States is in the health of the people. Government, for all practical purposes, may be said to exist only to supply the population with food; and, for every practical purpose, health is food. Further, although soldiers and sailors may be technically servants of the State in a sense more patent than other men are, yet the social compact, or whatever theory government of any sort is based upon, must be able to compel obedience to sanitary rules. Indeed, it is a happy circumstance that this principle is already conceded in our existing legislation. Vaccination is compulsory; yet the ravages of small-pox, attacking as they do only the living individual, are as nothing compared to the consequences conveyed to future generations by hereditary taint of blood poison.

The only difficulty urged is the alleged apprehension, said to exist among well-intentioned people, that the State would demoralize or unchristianize itself by attempting preventive measures, because the proposed registration and inspection, or even the establishment of special hospitals by the Government, would in effect recognise, and therefore legalize, the evil. We say the alleged apprehension, because it would be difficult to point out any writer, or statesman, or "sociologist," or even any religious person, whose opinion is worth anything, who has ever seriously propounded this difficulty. We believe that the difficulty is for the most part, if not entirely, imaginary. It would melt like mist before serious discussion, and in the face of any well-considered scheme. First, as to the public recognition of vice and its consequences. The State recognises all sins, and, therefore, why not this particular sin? But "recognition is legalization." Murder is recognised, dealt with, and attempted to be prevented, but it is not therefore approved. It is urged, however, that, directly you interfere with a prostitute in the way of sanitary restriction and regulation, you recognise and legalize her calling. Provided she submits to your restrictions and accepts your regulations, she sins, and may sin daily, under a letter of license countersigned by all the majesty and authority of the law. The answer to this, is that the State, as such, does not recognise the matter of morality or sin at all. The State avoids all such considerations; it merely treats the persons sinning as so many inanimate or brute agents. In the case of cholera and typhus, we deal with purely material objects—cesspools, drains, and the like. These are to be visited, inspected, registered, and submitted to control. They are centres of disease. Prostitutes are to be treated in just the same way—simply as centres of infection. That is to say, they are to be so treated by public authority. Poor creatures! there are ample reasons for not forgetting that they are our fellow creatures—our sisters, though fallen; and religion and morality cannot have a better field for their utmost exertions than to reclaim the lost and most degraded of their sex. Religion and morality, however, are not the business of the State. In a word, you only legalize prostitution by dealing with it as a matter of police, in the same way that you already legalize foul drains, and poisonous stench, and fever centres, by establishing a Board of Health and Sanitary Inspectors. You cannot prevent these material evils; and, in a sense, you give them all a letter of license by saying that, under certain restrictions, they may and must still exist, only they are to exist under control. It would be just as true, and just as untrue, to say that the State legalizes fever because it prohibits very bad drainage, as to say that it would legalize prostitution if it interfered with very bad women. And as to the religious difficulty, it would be well to remind some careless and ignorant, though pious and sentimental, talkers on the subject, that by prescribing certain strict sanitary rules, both in the way of prevention and cure, in regard to diseases some of which are unquestionably caused by lust and uncleanness, the Mosaic law did precisely what they will not have the Christian law to do. Half the Book of Leviticus is unintelligible unless we admit that the Jewish law, by dealing with sins of uncleanness, just as much legalized, because it has recognised, them as it is proposed that we should do, and as other Christian countries actually do, and as in other days we did in England itself.

But why should we confine ourselves to garrison and seaport towns? London, like Rome, is the very centre of vice; and yet in London the means of dealing with public infection are almost ludicrously inefficient. We have already said that it has been calculated that two hundred females are in London newly infected every day. Yet London possesses only a single hospital—the Lock—appropriated to these diseases, and with difficulty it keeps open fifty beds, twenty for males and thirty for females. Every week the Board of Governors—for, to the disgrace of the community, this special institution is a private one, and only supported by chance subscribers—are compelled to refuse admission to scores of patients who are suffering from the most contagious forms of disease. The only relief the Hospital can afford is to treat them as out-patients; and many, perhaps the majority, of these out-patients are compelled to follow their trade during their medical treatment. The Lock Hospital is obliged to refuse them admission for lack of funds; the workhouse is closed against them because they are not positively destitute; the reformatories will not receive them because they are diseased; and it not unfrequently happens that, before they have recovered, some new form of disease has been contracted. Some notion of the extent of the mischief may be formed from the fact that, with

only fifty beds for in-patients, the Lock Hospital alone treated more than 19,000 out-patients during the last twelve months. Only a minority of the London hospitals admit this class of patients at all. Most, if not all, of the hospitals supported by private charity decline to treat this special class, because it is felt, or said to be felt, that subscribers are unwilling to spend their money on the medical treatment of those who are suffering from their own vices—a reason which, if good for anything, would apply equally to patients who are suffering from the effects of drunkenness, or any other self-indulgence. The fact is that Lock Hospitals, or even "the foul wards" of those hospitals which receive this class of patients now, do next to nothing in preventing infection. The present system even of curing patients in the London hospitals is almost an entire failure. The cases admitted are those which externally seem most urgent, and in which disease has most fatally undermined the constitution and has assumed the most repulsive form. But these are the very cases in which, for many reasons, the chances of communicating infection are comparatively small, while those cases of recent origin which do not look so bad, and which at present are necessarily treated as out-patients, are those in which the danger of infection is the greatest. The whole system of public medical treatment of disease in London requires to be revised. The Lock Hospital is served by a most able medical staff, but its own officers would be the first to admit its comparative inefficiency. It ought to be enlarged, and placed under public control; and a sufficient number of similar hospitals, supported by the State, and large enough to allow the admission of recent cases as in-patients, ought at once to be established in various parts of London. These hospitals would then become medical schools which all army and navy surgeons should be obliged to attend. For, at present, not only does this country enjoy a melancholy pre-eminence in the statistics of the disease itself, but, as a consequence of our sentimental views on the subject, the medical men of England are perhaps less qualified, as a rule, to treat it than any other particular form of malady. Nor is the Lock Hospital itself free from special difficulties which attend its poverty. It hardly dares to appeal to public support; and it may almost be described as an institution which says as little as possible about its own object, but which is attached to a fashionable Proprietary Chapel, rather than what it ought to be—a public institution, supported by public money, and conducted with the publicity, and therefore the efficiency, of similar institutions in Paris and almost every other European capital.

#### THE ST. LEGER DAY AT DONCASTER.

THE first day's proceedings at Doncaster were chiefly interesting for the light they threw upon the chances of the great event of the second day. The earliest thought of every one who cared for racing was to get a sight of the expected performers in the St. Leger. By six o'clock, or even earlier, there was a large assemblage on the course, but a considerable interval elapsed before curiosity was gratified by the appearance of the leading favourites. About half-past eight, the admirers of Queen Bertha were able to convince themselves that their confidence was not misplaced. The supporters of Lord Clifden were called upon to exercise a good deal of patience, for it was not until half-past nine that an opportunity was afforded of testing, by actual observation, the truth of the reports which have so strangely influenced this horse's position in the market. Looking only to the public performances of Lord Clifden, he was certainly entitled to the highest point of favour he has ever attained. But, in the interval which elapsed between the meetings at Epsom and Doncaster, he had been driven to a price which could only be justified by the belief that he was seriously amiss. The layers of long odds against this horse may be supposed to have had some reason for what they did, but it was impossible, from observation of the horse and his style of going, to form even a distant conjecture what that reason was. But prejudice will at times mislead even good judges of horseflesh. People seemed to have made up their minds that Lord Clifden could not win, and to be determined to find ground for their adverse opinions either in what they saw or in what they fancied. One story was, that the horse had been out early in the morning, and had gone home without moving beyond a walk. The appearance of Lord Clifden upon the course dissipated this first illusion. It was next asserted that, although the horse was visibly walking, he could not canter. But, when he and his companion Zetland started from the usual place and cantered briskly once round the course and something over, it was impossible to deny that he possessed the power of locomotion. It was then remarked that Lord Clifden was ridden by a boy, while Zetland was carrying three or four stones more of weight, and yet Lord Clifden could not pass Zetland. The fact, however, was that Lord Clifden did for a short time take the lead, and if he did not keep it the reason may have been that he was pulled back. The horse was probably ridden as his trainer thought most advantageous, and without any reference to what people might choose to think; but it would have been idle to pretend, after the canter, that any reluctance existed to giving him strong exercise. His opponents had, however, the consolation of observing that he sweated after cantering two miles; and they were able, if they chose, to infer that he had not done much work lately. It is not, however, easy to maintain any illusion as to the condition of a horse after he has appeared on the course at Doncaster, and the state

of the market during the day showed that Lord Clifden's performance of the morning had disturbed the serenity of his adversaries. Viewed impartially, that performance proved that Lord Clifden had not fallen below the expectation which was formed when he won the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster a year ago.

Laying aside for a time the possibilities of the morrow, and turning to the more immediate business of the day, it was matter for regret that the race for the Champagne Stakes did not promise to be so interesting as in former years. The French Fille de l'Air was supposed to be very nearly, if not quite, the best two-year-old that had come out this year; and as competition with her appeared almost useless, the entire field only numbered four horses. It was thought that Mr. Naylor's Linda might perhaps make a good fight with Fille de l'Air, but the other two starters were pretty generally considered out of the race. The result must have caused regret to those owners of horses who had suffered themselves to be frightened by the reputation of the French filly; for while she was doing all she knew to beat Linda, Aldcroft brought up the unregarded Ely with a grand rush, and beat the pair. The colt thus unexpectedly distinguished by the honour of winning the Champagne Stakes immediately became the centre of a crowd of eager gazers, who examined his points, and speculated on his chance of winning the Derby and St. Leger in 1864. As the Champagne Stakes were won by Lord Clifden last year, and by The Marquis the year before, it may safely be predicted that the name of Ely will attain considerable celebrity in the next twelve months.

The other principal event of Tuesday was the race for the Great Yorkshire Handicap, which was won by Lord Stamford's Dulcibella. This mare, having won the Cesarewitch in 1860, was for some time oppressed by the reputation she had thus acquired; but having in nearly three years succeeded in considerably lowering her character in the eyes of handicappers, she started for this race under a weight which, at the mature age of six years, she could carry easily to victory. The winning of the Great Yorkshire Handicap, besides being in itself a triumph of substantial value, was calculated to raise the hopes of Lord Stamford and his friends for the next day. Lord Stamford was supposed to have made up his own mind that he could win the St. Leger with Avenger, and the course of recent betting showed that the public was inclining to the same opinion. So far as this expectation was derived from trying Avenger with Dulcibella, the success of the latter showed that it might be reasonably entertained. Besides, Avenger had been seen that morning cantering with Dulcibella and Lord Stamford's other St. Leger horse, Oneasander, and his style of going was all that could be desired. It resulted, therefore, from all that had been seen on Tuesday, that the partisans of Queen Bertha, Lord Clifden, and Avenger had all of them good grounds for confidence. Their prospects were brightened by the knowledge that The Ranger, who was for some time first favourite for the St. Leger, had not arrived in Doncaster on Monday, and had declined considerably in the market. The hopes or fears of some speculators pointed towards a mysterious outsider who was to come from nobody could say where, and surprise everybody except the initiated few. But, looking to facts, and restraining the imagination, it was difficult to name any possible winner besides the four favourites. The success of Dulcibella, whatever was its exact value as a test of Avenger's chance, was at any rate a new and indisputable fact; and it had the effect in the evening of establishing Avenger in the position of first favourite. There was not much difference in the prices of the other three, for The Ranger had now arrived in Doncaster, and had taken a gallop over the Course, and Lord Clifden had declined slightly from the point to which he had risen in the morning.

Between watching the betting overnight and watching the horses in the morning, there was not much time for rest on the eve of the festival of St. Leger. The Ranger was present on Wednesday morning to undergo comparison with his rivals. He took his exercise and went home early. Lord Clifden appeared two hours sooner than the day before, as if his trainer hoped by change of time to escape troublesome attention. Again he looked and went thoroughly well, and still the mystery of the strong opposition to him was unfathomable. Avenger came upon the course at the same time, and conveniently divided the attendant crowd. The course was almost clear when Queen Bertha appeared upon it at the same time and with the same accompaniments as did The Marquis on the same day last year. If the horses which had gone home could have been forgotten, it would have been easy to believe that this magnificent mare was destined to add one more to her trainer's list of St. Leger victories. As regarded Lord Clifden and Avenger, there were no means of satisfactory comparison, but three horses from John Scott's stables ran against The Ranger in the York meeting, so that his measure must have been taken pretty accurately. It appeared, on the whole, most probable that Queen Bertha would beat both The Ranger and Avenger, but it was impossible to say whether she would beat Lord Clifden. The admirers of Queen Bertha would have been better pleased if they could have looked forward to seeing her in charge of Aldcroft, who rode her so admirably when she won the Oaks. But Aldcroft was under the necessity of riding for his first master, Lord Glasgow, who, happening to have this year one tolerably good horse, Rapid Rhone, happened also not to have entered him for the St. Leger. It had been arranged that Wells should ride Queen Bertha, and, although the followers of Scott's stable

might have preferred Aldcroft, no better substitute for him could have been selected.

The opinion above expressed, being derived simply from observation of what every eye could see, was to a great extent confirmed by the result. There were nineteen starters for the St. Leger, including every horse that had serious pretensions to support, and several that could not have had a shadow of a chance of winning. In place of Fordham, whose management of Lord Clifden was a good deal criticised after the Derby, Lord St. Vincent had determined to give Osborne the finest mount he has ever had. Fordham was engaged to ride Golden Pledge, who, after winning the Ebor Handicap at York easily, was thought to have a good chance of the St. Leger. The Ranger was in charge of Goater, who rode him in the Derby and when he won at Paris and at York. Avenger was ridden by Lord Stamford's usual jockey, Edwards. The quick little Borealis, looking a mere pony by the side of her competitors, might, if there had been rather more of her, have given her rider, Challoner, the opportunity of winning the St. Leger for the third time consecutively. Borealis bounded like a ball as she cantered, being in all respects, except size, perfection. The Ranger did not look any better than he had done at York. The Serf was conjectured to be the outsider who had been so much talked of; and, if so, he had received honours which he did not deserve. Another conjecture was that the French horse, Jarnicoton, carried the fielders' hopes; but Jarnicoton's qualification for this responsibility was not evident. It was highly improbable antecedently that any horse could remain dark up to the start for the St. Leger; and when the horses came to the post the conclusion was that the mysterious outsider had not been discovered because he did not exist.

It is a great merit of the St. Leger Course, that the start can be seen as well as the finish. There could have been no more beautiful spectacle of the kind than was afforded by these nineteen horses, as they displayed their various tempers during the movements to and fro and turns to the rear and front which were rendered necessary by several false starts. Blue Mantle broke away repeatedly, as he did at Epsom. Lord Clifden, who has the great advantage of a placid temper, did not suffer himself to be discomposed by the fidgety conduct of other horses, but took all annoyances as meekly as an old cow. Queen Bertha appeared to be nervous but tractable. National Guard was even more imperturbable than Lord Clifden. More than once, National Guard's slowness was as fatal to the start as Blue Mantle's eagerness at other times. When at length a start was accomplished, people said hastily that it was a very bad one, for Lord Clifden, who in all previous attempts had been in a line with the other horses, was many lengths in rear of almost everything when the flag was lowered. Such a beginning might have been thought fatal to the chance of the best horse that ever ran. Memory reverted to the case of Mameluke, who, being supposed to have the St. Leger safe, lost it through finding himself eighty yards behind everything else at starting, and being unable, even with his great speed, to come up soon enough to win the race. In the present instance, there was no suspicion of any such partiality as was believed to have ruined Mameluke's chance; and indeed, if the starter had been capable of treating Lord Clifden with unfairness, he must have been disappointed at discovering afterwards that he had done the very thing best calculated to ensure his victory. But to hint at this is to anticipate the result. As the horses rushed towards the hill, Lord Clifden, instead of making up what he had lost in the start, dropped further to the rear. The believers in his latent unsoundness, who had refused to be convinced by what they saw of him at exercise, were now in transports of delight at the proof he was giving of their sagacity. "He's beat—he'll never catch them—he can't go a yard—it's a hundred to one against him." Amid cries like these, the horses mounted the hill and disappeared for a while from view. But when they came again in sight Lord Clifden began to show what he could do. At a speed which his friends feared would exhaust him before the final struggle, he was seen rushing to the front. As the lot passed the rifle-butts he came to even terms with the rearmost horse. Sweeping past the Red-house with that grand action and immense length of stride which he exhibited on this course last year, he ran through the whole lot with ease, until, at the turn into the straight, he got up to the leading horse, Queen Bertha, and the race was virtually won. Queen Bertha ran gamely to the post and was only beaten by half a length, but Lord Clifden could have done more if necessary. The third place was won gallantly by Borealis, who finished four lengths behind Queen Bertha. Golden Pledge, well in rear of Borealis, came in fourth, and The Ranger fifth, having a clear superiority over everything else. Lord Clifden's performance, supposing his competitors to be moderately good, was one of the most extraordinary ever witnessed. It was an advantage to him to be left behind at starting, for he thus escaped being hustled and bothered in a crowd of horses, and was able to settle well into his stride and to choose a convenient opening for coming through. When once he was fairly set agoing, his speed was so great that fifty or a hundred yards made no difference to him. It is remarkable that last year, upon this course, he beat Bohemia and Queen Bertha for a sweep-stakes, getting a bad start, and being only able to come up in time to win the race by a head. Calculations of the St. Leger chances might have been more accurate if this performance had been kept in mind, foreshadowing as it did, with singular fidelity, Lord Clifden's wonderful display of power in the present week.

It was allowed, when Lord Clifden ran for the Derby, that a



more handsome horse was never seen. His looks have improved since that time, and he affords an instance of conspicuous beauty endowed with every sterling quality. Whether Macaroni, who beat him in the Derby, is a better horse, may now be doubted, but it is, at least, certain that he is not so captivating to the eye. The pecuniary result of Lord Clifden's victory must be enormous. There must be many heavy losers among those speculators who were so rash as to lay 20 to 1 against him. The lesson which his victory ought to teach is to trust to common sense and observation, instead of being led away by rumours destitute of tangible foundation.

## REVIEWS.

### DE FRANQUEVILLE ON ENGLISH INSTITUTIONS.\*

WE had, a short time ago, to review a work on English Institutions by a German. We have now to review one by a Frenchman, and a Frenchman of some distinction. Spain has also produced, among the fruits of her reviving literary spirit, a work on the same subject. The nations of the Continent feel not only an intellectual but a practical interest in the Constitution of this country, which, as they emerge from despotism and enter on the privileges and perils of self-government, naturally presents itself as a model approved by experience for their imitation.

The work of M. De Franqueville appears to have been favourably received in his own country. It is an exposition of our institutions political, ecclesiastical, judicial, and administrative, generally accurate, and drawn up in a succinct form with French neatness of arrangement, and French clearness and precision of language. In point of form and method, it may serve as an example to English expositors of our institutions; but, in point of substance, it would be difficult to mention anything in it which is likely to be very instructive to English readers. There are parts of it, indeed, which are likely to be the very reverse of instructive. M. De Franqueville is what most Frenchmen would call an Anglomaniac. He belongs to the same class of writers on this subject as M. De Montalembert, of whom, with all our admiration of his political eloquence, and however gratifying to our national self-esteem the praises of such a man may be, we sometimes feel inclined to say, in the old school phrase, *inimicorum pessimum genus laudantes*. The other nations of Europe, in passing from the feudal to the modern epoch of society, have fallen more or less under military despotisms, pretty much as the Greek States fell under tyrannies in passing from their primitive aristocracies into their republican form. The lovers of freedom and the Parliamentarians, who are groaning under these despotisms and looking for the hour of deliverance from them, naturally turn their eyes to England as the Ark of Liberty; and the praises which they lavish on us, though sincere, and we may hope in some measure just, are inevitably somewhat indiscriminate. "Young man," said old Tierney to a rising orator who had just made a speech in praise of his leader, "never praise anybody, except for the purpose of disparaging somebody else." It is impossible not to see—and it is very desirable, if we would preserve our own self-knowledge and good sense, to remember—that these panegyrics on England are inspired as much by a desire to disparage other institutions as by admiration of ours. They are like the eulogy of Tacitus on the manners of the ancient Germans, which was intended as an indirect invective against the manners of Rome. If a foreign writer, thoroughly acquainted not only with the forms of our institutions, but with their practical working, social as well as political, and thoroughly free from the bias of party in his own country, would fairly hold up the mirror to us, he would do a great service, not only to us, but to other nations on whose political ideas and destinies we are at this moment exercising so momentous an influence. But that which M. De Franqueville and M. De Montalembert hold up to us is not a mirror, but a portrait drawn by a kind hand.

M. De Franqueville's prepossessions are strongly brought out in his Introduction, where he lauds and holds up for imitation, not only all our political institutions, but the social relations between the different classes of our people, in terms to which, as we shall see, he afterwards himself supplies a tremendous exception. The only thing in which he appears to think France excels us is the perfect disinterestedness of her foreign policy, which entitles her, in his opinion, to say, "Tout est perdu fois l'honneur;" to which we must add, "et La Savoie." He cites, as witnesses to this golden state of things, not only Montalembert and Macaulay, but Montesquieu and Burke; and it does not occur to him that the system which Montesquieu and Burke praised has been very greatly changed by the good sense of our nation, and that, had our statesmen, misled by those optimists, persisted in maintaining things as they were, we should before this have been plunged into revolution. M. De Franqueville also adopts in too indiscriminate a manner Macaulay's rhetorical flourishes about the unbroken identity and continuous development of our Constitution. It is perfectly true that the names and forms have, ever since the time of Edward I., remained pretty much the same, and names and forms are important things when the object is to secure the allegiance of the masses of mankind. But it is idle to say that the constitutional monarchy, as it has existed since the accession of the House of Hanover, is the same thing as the Plantagenet

monarchy, or is a development of it. The Plantagenet monarch was a real ruler, legislator, and commander; he was the Government; and according to his character and capacity the people were governed well or ill, though, when they were governed very ill, they were accustomed to put an end to the evil by deposing and perhaps killing the king. The constitutional monarch is none of these things. He performs a totally different function in the State. That he is the object of a loyalty no less strong—indeed, perhaps more religious—than the Plantagenet monarch, does not alter the fact that the powers and duties of the office are completely changed; and when the powers and duties of an office are completely changed, the office itself is changed, not developed. If writers on our Constitution mean to be really instructive, they must, even at some expense of reverence, look through forms, and deal with the realities of the matter as it now stands. They must recognise the fact that supreme power is now virtually lodged—where it was not in the Norman, Plantagenet, or Tudor times—in the representatives of the people, subject to certain checks imposed by that which remains of the ancient feudal principle embodied in the hereditary monarchy and the House of Lords. They must also recognise the fact that ours is a party government, and go frankly into the advantages and disadvantages of government by party, and the questions of morality which party organization involves. Our text-books on the Constitution are generally what a text-book of the Roman Constitution in the later period of the Republic would have been, if it had taken all the dead forms which Roman conservatism had kept unbureled for living realities, and begun with a solemn account of the Comitia Curiata, its times of meeting, ceremonies, and attendant officers, as though it had been the sovereign assembly of the State. Nor must it be overlooked that the process by which we have advanced from the Norman Constitution to that under which we now live, though generally peaceful, has not been free from violent convulsion. The Great Rebellion was a very different thing from development, and left behind it, when it was over, a form of government very different from that of the Tudors or the Stuarts.

In other cases M. De Franqueville is not sufficiently careful to discriminate between the theory and the fact. He says, for example, of the peerage, that, "far from being the privilege of a caste, it is the asylum of all notabilities." "It opens its ranks," he proceeds, "to all men whom their talents, their services, or even their fortune, have raised to distinction." That the English aristocracy is, in principle, perfectly open to merit, is true, and very important. But it is equally true, and equally important, that a man of merit cannot enter it unless he is either rich or childless, because otherwise he would bequeath a pauper title to his son. We are not here raising the question which was decided in the case of the Life Peerages; we are only saying that, if people mean to derive wisdom from the study of political institutions, they must look facts in the face. So, again, M. De Franqueville denounces the French system of compulsory subdivision of land, and praises our system of liberty of devise. Most politicians and most economists will entirely concur with him in his condemnation of a law which was framed, under the personal influence of the first Bonaparte, with the sinister object of preventing the growth of a class of landowners sufficiently important to impose a check on arbitrary power. But it is a fallacy, and a very momentous fallacy, to say that perfect liberty of devise, in regard to landed property, is the system practically prevailing in England. The law of primogeniture, though not very operative itself, leads the custom; and the family settlements which are sanctioned by our law practically take from most of the owners of great estates the power of devising their land by will. Our aristocracy, in fact, rests on the rule of primogeniture in succession to landed estates which is virtually upheld by law; and M. De Franqueville would find that a copy of our aristocratic institutions without this their territorial basis would speedily come down with a run.

When M. De Franqueville comes to treat of our ecclesiastical institutions, the Anglomaniac is overpowered by the Ultramontane. He is highly scandalized at the wealth of our ecclesiastics, whose revenues, computed in francs, certainly appear in his pages rather unapostolic; and he descants in touching strains on the beautiful poverty of his "admirable priesthood" in France—as though the wealth of the clergy, in France and other Roman Catholic countries, had not been enormous till it was forcibly taken away from them by the Revolution. He does not sufficiently attend to the fact that ours is a married clergy; and that those countries which have a celibate clergy, if they do not pay so much for it in money, pay more in certain evils the existence of which recent disclosures both in France and Italy have rather signally proclaimed. M. De Franqueville's stories of Anglican nepotism are now happily a little out of date. The enormities of Bishop Pretymann, cited by him as a specimen of our habitual practices, would not be possible in the present day; and though a gross piece of nepotism was recently perpetrated by a Bishop, it was stigmatized at once, with great and even excessive severity, by public opinion. Moreover, there is a wide difference, generally speaking, between the holders of rich family livings in the country and the clergy of the towns, who, though the most hardworking and the most intelligent of their order, are, through a series of capricious accidents, so ill-paid that in many cases they can hardly be said to be paid at all. They are on the voluntary system, saving that they are prevented, as holders of a nominal endowment, from receiving the voluntary contributions of their flock. M. De Franqueville, of course, exults in *le pascisme*, which he thinks was created expressly to facilitate the transition of the whole English people from Protestantism to Roman Catholicism—a process which the conversion

\* *Les Institutions Politiques, Judiciaires, et Administratives d'Angleterre*. Par Charles De Franqueville, Auditeur au Conseil d'Etat, Avocat à la Cour Impériale. Paris: Hachette et Co. 1863.

of a few ecclesiastics and a few persons of quality, mostly women, leads his sanguine mind to regard, with pious exultation, as surely and rapidly going on. Yet, as a student of English history, he might have drawn instructive inferences from the exactly similar phenomena which occurred in the reign of Charles I. If the issue of the present movement should be the same, and England should once more pronounce decisively against a return to the past, we shall have M. De Franqueville in a trap; for the verdict, according to his own showing, will be that of the most sensible nation in the world.

Our author has evidently smarted personally under the bureaucracy beneath which, as well as beneath "an august initiative," it is his fortune to live. He thus contrasts the English with the French official:—

Rien n'est plus différent d'un ministère français qu'un ministère anglais. Là, quelques rares employés, d'un accès facile, d'une exquise politesse, d'une inséparable complaisance pour les citoyens qui, par le plus grand des hasards, ont affaire à une administration publique. Point de cerbère rengrôgé dans une cravate blanche, le cou orné de la chaîne d'argent traditionnelle; un simple gentleman en redingote fait fonction d'huissier; il paraît surpris, mais non pas mécontent, d'apercevoir un étranger, et il s'empresse de se mettre à ses ordres. Il est assurément plus facile de voir un ministre d'Angleterre qu'un chef de division français.

Les bureaux sont propres et nets. On y voit peu de dossiers, encore moins de cartons. Une petite corbeille d'osier contient trois ou quatre feuilles de papier étonnées de se trouver ensemble, et destinées à être pliées le soir, puis entourées d'un petit fil rouge, avant de retourner à la poussière qu'elles attendent.

Presque toutes les administrations sont réunies, à Whitehall, dans un même bâtiment dont la vue seule est plus éloquent que tous les discours. Point de ces étiquettes majestueuses, sur lesquelles le mot *bureau* aime, chez nous, à étaler sa toute-puissance; de petites plaques de cuivre bien discrètes se disputent la partie inférieure de trois portes étroites, et indiquent les noms des ministères, dont elles annoncent l'entrée. Le temple de la bureaucratie anglaise est moins grand que l'hôtel particulier de l'un des ministres à Paris.

We said that M. De Franqueville himself supplied a tremendous exception to his panegyric on the political and social state of England. When he comes to speak of the Poor Law, he says:—

England is in an especial manner the country of contrasts; and this fact strikes us in the most forcible manner when we consider, on the one hand, the immense wealth of the upper classes, and, on the other hand, the immense poverty of the lower classes. Nowhere, perhaps, is such an excess of opulence found beside such an excess of wretchedness.

Of course we shall not attempt here to test the truth, positively or comparatively with the state of other countries, of this observation; nor shall we embark on so vast a sea as the "Condition-of-England question," and the relations of that question to our political institutions. Few, perhaps, will deny that extremes of wealth and poverty are a characteristic of our present social system. The contrast has, indeed, formed the staple of a good deal of sentimental writing—such as Mr. Disraeli's *Sybil*—of a rather dangerous kind. But there can be no doubt that the admission takes one considerably by surprise at the end of a book filled with almost unmingled praise of the institutions under which this vast mass of extreme wretchedness exists. We can imagine that a Frenchman who had been reading the book with a slight sense of oppression at the writer's candid preference for the institutions of Albion might feel some relief at coming upon this broad avowal that the happiness produced is the happiness of a class. The truth is, M. De Franqueville has been fascinated by some parts of our system which offer a favourable contrast to that which he sees and feels in France, and he has not very profoundly considered it as a whole. This, however, does not prevent his book from being a valuable summary of the facts.

We have said that he is generally accurate. There are occasional exceptions. He is ignorant, for instance, of the existence of the Divorce Court, and imagines that a divorce requires an Act of Parliament. He takes "special pleaders" to be advocates who can only plead before certain special courts. He has made a strange slip in his history if we rightly understand him to say that the War of the Barons was renewed under Edward I. We should also be rather glad to see the verification of the following statement about Dissenting sermons:—

C'est un curieux spectacle que celui de toutes ces sectes, se disputant, en quelque sorte, leurs adhérents respectifs, et ne trouvant guère d'autre moyen pour les attirer, que la publication d'annonces dans les journaux, ou d'affiches plus ou moins bizarres. Ici, on prévient le public que, tel jour, il sera prêché un sermon sur les logements à louer, sur les promesses de mariage rompues, sur l'art d'être à son aise; là le sermon aura pour texte: *Peines d'amour perdues!*

To say that M. De Franqueville sometimes mis-spells English words and names is only to say that he is a Frenchman. One bit of his English fairly gruels us. After saying that the Bishops have to hand over the surplus of their revenues above their fixed income to the Ecclesiastical Commission, he adds, "Les fonds, remis aux commissaires, sont dits: *Maethy et Gally knight*." We must leave this riddle to the ingenuity of our readers. By way of conjecture, we suggest that it may possibly refer to the "Malfy Fund" and the "Gally Knight Fund."

#### ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

THIS appears to us to be the best of Miss Braddon's novels, for it is a sensation novel without any glaring impropriety in it, with several characters cleverly drawn, and with a plot that does the authoress great credit. Miss Braddon has peculiarities which make her writings her own, and it would be very unfair to say that she exactly imitates anybody. Still, her compositions are so much

in that style which Mr. Wilkie Collins has associated with his name that it is impossible not to compare the two writers. Perhaps Mr. Collins still remains the superior in the art of attaching interest to an unimportant secret, but then Miss Braddon eclipses him in the ease with which she works. In her tales there are none of those solemn announcements at each stage by which Mr. Collins compels his readers to understand that the secret which he has invented is unfathomable, and that everything is leading up to it, although no one can see how. The *Woman in White* was certainly more harrowing than *Eleanor's Victory*, but Miss Braddon's story may easily compete with any other of Mr. Collins's stories. We are also obliged to her for taking us away from the familiar field of bigamy, and for having invented a thrilling entanglement without the old device of a heroine with a couple of husbands. It was a new idea to start a young lady who had to avenge her father's death, and to make the murderer unknown. This seems to us a very bright conception, and fruitful of all sorts of melodramatic situations. A girl of fifteen devotes her life to discovering and punishing a man whom she has only once seen for a minute in the street, and of whom she knows nothing more than that he has restless black eyes, a moustache, and a fancy for kicking bits of straw about the pavement. The ruffian has to be discovered and to be punished. But, in order to make a good sensation plot, it is not enough to have a startling, fascinating situation for the main performer. It is also necessary to overcome the great difficulties which the short limits of a tale impose. There is only room for one man in it with restless eyes and a habit of kicking straws; so that, directly the ruffian is introduced, we know that he must be the man whom Eleanor is to detect, and thus we mentally anticipate the discovery. Eleanor cannot be puzzled or misled by a counterfeit, for otherwise we should want half a dozen volumes. She goes to stay with utter strangers, in a part of England quite new to her; and the son of the lady in whose house she is residing is the very man she is in search of. The problem which Miss Braddon has had to solve is this—how can the reader be made to watch with breathless interest each step of the discovery, when the novel by its very make renders it certain that the ruffian first introduced is the real ruffian? This is a problem much easier to start than to solve. And it is because Miss Braddon shows that she knows how to solve it that she ranks deservedly high among our sensation novelists. People may say that the construction and the elaboration of a sensation plot is a poor thing. Judged by the standard of high art, it is a poor thing; but at any rate it is a very difficult thing to accomplish, and if it is well done it is very popular. The art of constructing such plots is one that the public highly values, and it is a rare one. A critical spectator who watches Blondin on the low rope may reasonably be of opinion that there is nothing very elevating or tasteful in the sight of a man bobbing off his back on to one leg off a piece of string; but this bobbing is what fifty thousand spectators will crowd to see, and it is uncommonly difficult to do. Most tolerably agile people who tried to bob like Blondin would come at once to the ground, and be carried off in pain and ignominy. And so, too, most clever people who tried to work out a plot like that of *Eleanor's Victory* would find at once that they had no control over their materials, and had no definite means either of showing that the restless-eyed man was the real ruffian, or of affecting to conceal, till the right time, that he is the person that is being sought for.

The chief means by which artists in the sensation line achieve their end is the introduction of a succession of enormous improbabilities, concealed under an elaborate description of the details of each process. Eleanor feels as sure that Launcelot Darrell is the man as the reader does, but she has to prove it, and the reader has to be both surprised at and satisfied with the proof. She can think of no clue until she is helped by a friendly scene-painter—one of those calm, strong, good, secondary personages in a novel who we know would find out everything they undertook, even the secret of perpetual motion, if that would in the least help the plot. He offers a suggestion which is based on the wildest improbability, and is justified by a perfectly marvellous success. He points out that Launcelot Darrell is an amateur artist, and he quietly remarks, as if it were a piece of ordinary and accepted fact, that all artists describe their history in their drawings. Accordingly, Eleanor and her counsellor look through Launcelot's portfolio, and there find an accurate and neatly finished water-colour sketch of the whole scene that preceded her father's death. The unhappy man had been lured on by Launcelot to play at cards; Launcelot had cheated him by one of the grossest of card-sharper's tricks, and the poor victim had killed himself in despair. In obedience to that inexorable law which dooms all persons who can do figures in water-colours to sketch everything they have ever done, Launcelot has drawn a most interesting water-colour of the most complete kind, has faithfully rendered the features and look of Eleanor's father, and has put in his own back with such artistic accuracy as to make it unmistakable. Evidently all this is most useful to the plot. It carries us by a gigantic stride to our distant goal. Eleanor has identified the black, restless eyes, and the straw-kicking. She has also discovered, through some information which she extracted from a shipbroker by the influence of a new bonnet, that Launcelot was not really where he pretended to have been at the time of her father's death; but there she is stopped. We must have a clue, or the second volume will slip away without any effective business being done in it. So this great artist theory is started, and is immediately verified by the portfolio. In itself the improbability is so glaring that it might make the reader think he was being cheated out of the

\* *Eleanor's Victory*. By M. E. Braddon. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1863.



proper insolubility of his mystery. But then comes in the art of drawing off the attention of the reader from the improbability itself to the details of the process by which the detection is made. The difficulty that Eleanor and her friend have in getting hold of the portfolio; their fear, which we are made to share, lest Launce- lot, who is in the room, should look round too soon; the enormous skill with which the friendly scene-painter reads in the sketches successively turned over every phase of Launcelet's past life; and the mode in which little difficulties that obscure the vision of the diviner are instantly cleared away by the superior knowledge which Eleanor possesses of the facts—all combine to arrest our interest, page by page, and to blind us to the extraordinary assumption on which the whole proceeding rests. To get a main idea capable of being worked out so as to astonish and excite the reader, to work it out by assuming as many gross improbabilities as are convenient, and then to screen these improbabilities by the delineation of a number of minute details, appears to us the great secret of sensation novels. But knowing the secret is not of the slightest use. It is just as difficult to write a good sensation novel afterwards as before, precisely as it is equally difficult to make a good speech whether we have or have not studied the art of rhetoric.

But Miss Braddon gives us something more than a cunning plot cunningly worked out, and a story written in easy, flowing, and lively English. She gives us something peculiar to herself and given by no one else. She alone can write of women's things like a woman, and of men's things like a man. She can talk about gussets, and seams, and dress, and all manner of music; and she can also talk of theatricals, and little Paris dinners, and brandy-and-water, and grisettes, and horses, and dogs. The mixture is piquant. It produces much the same effect that was produced when first Mr. Kingsley's novels came out, and it was discovered that a novelist might unite sermonizing with sporting, and vary the style of an ardent theologian with the style of "Argus" and "Nimrod" and "The Druid." It is impossible not to be amused with the artless way in which Miss Braddon betrays her intimate knowledge of easy male society, although without the slightest approach to impropriety; and it is also impossible not to admire the skill with which she paints her female characters and shows her acquaintance with the ways and works of women. It is comical and entertaining to find a lady novelist talking familiarly of the most fatal result of intoxication as "del. trem.," setting down brandy and soda-water as poor stuff, and portraying with meritorious accuracy the vulgarity of a French bagman. It has, we presume, been Miss Braddon's lot to see a phase of life open to few ladies, and she freely draws upon what accident has furnished her with. And it ought to be expressly said that, although she evidently knows how fast young men behave and talk and disport themselves in moments of unrestraint, she never treads even on the borders of indelicacy. And if she knows men, she knows women still better. The most original part in *Eleanor's Victory* is perhaps the sketch it contains of two silly women, a mother and her daughter. Miss Braddon deserves great credit for these sketches, for a silly, good-natured, chattering girl or woman is a difficult character to draw. Miss Austen often drew such people, and almost always successfully; but she not infrequently, in the attempt, went too near the confines of vulgarity. The conversation of Laura Mason and her mother in *Eleanor's Victory* is exactly silly enough to be entertaining—with more silliness in it, perhaps, in proportion to the whole bulk of conversation recorded, than the real talk of silly women, who were not wholly unendurable, would present, but still natural, and conveying the notion of a consistent and possible character. The only weak part of the novel is the end. In order not to offend the moral sense of a Christian public, Eleanor has to forego her vengeance in the moment of her triumph. This is quite proper; and as she has triumphed on entertaining and Pagan principles, we do not mind her swooping round in the last few pages to the dull Christian principle of forgiving injuries. But Miss Braddon is not satisfied with its raining mercy. She must have it pour; and she actually makes Eleanor give up the use of a splendid mansion to which she has been suddenly proclaimed heiress, and establish there in peace and honour, as her own next neighbour, the restless-eyed, straw-kicking, detected murderer of her father. This is indeed virtue giving its other cheek to vice to slap; and a British public of novel readers has too great a hatred of the scoundrels of romance to wish to see things carried as far as that. The proper thing to do with the reclaimed criminals of fiction, the legitimate compromise between the triumph of Pagan and of Christian principles, is to make them emigrate to America.

#### BURKE AND DE TOCQUEVILLE ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.\*

PERHAPS no event in history has been so much written about as the French Revolution, and perhaps there is none in which we are so much mocked with the outside both of history and of speculation. Every one can see, on the very first view of the subject, that the event was one which required to be explained by general causes, and every one can see equally well that the incidents of the revolution were picturesque beyond all former experience. It was also a subject on which every one had eager sympathies. Hence most of the books written about it have been filled with plausible generalities, more or less amusing details, and vehement party arguments. Hardly a single writer

on either side of the Channel has ever appeared to see what was meant by understanding the subject. We always seem to be reading either anecdotes, metaphysical abstractions, or pamphlets. To adjust the particular facts exactly, or even tolerably well, to general maxims sufficiently wide to render the facts comprehensible, and not sufficiently wide to fit everything equally well, is a great achievement. Hardly any one can do it at any time, and it would seem to be impossible to do it at all in a satisfactory manner till after the lapse of a time considerable enough to cool down party feelings.

A notion of the meaning and importance of such considerations may be obtained by comparing the views taken of the French Revolution by its most distinguished contemporary and by its greatest historical critic. M. De Tocqueville and Burke had two qualities in common, which suggest a comparison between their writings, notwithstanding the many particulars which would rather invite a contrast. Each was a deep thinker, and each passed a large and most important part of his life in the management of great political affairs. Each, in a word, was both a philosopher and a statesman; and a comparison of the ways in which the French Revolution struck one of these men when he viewed it as a contemporary and by the light of antecedent experience, and the other when he viewed it as a past event and by the light of subsequent experience, may serve to illustrate the limitations under which even the most remarkable men are obliged, by the nature of things, to criticize the great events which occur before their eyes.

Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution* may be not unfairly described as nearly, if not quite, the most successful pamphlet ever written. It is oftener quoted than read. To most readers it is known rather by the purple patches which adorn it—the "I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards," &c., and the "No! we will have her" (the Church of England) "exalt her mitred front in Courts and Parliaments"—than by its general purport. It is, however, by its general purport, and not by the fine passages, that its author's power to cope with the great event that was passing before his eyes must be estimated; and it must always be remembered that Burke was the ablest and most experienced English political writer of his day, and that, in so far as he failed to appreciate the Revolution, he did so by reason of the inadequacy of political knowledge and speculation as it then stood, and not by reason of any personal defect either in industry or mental power.

The general doctrine of the *Reflections* is, that existing institutions ought always to be made the basis on which reform should proceed; and that, in particular, the relations between Governments and their subjects ought to be ascertained, not by reference to any list of abstract propositions called by such names as the Rights of Man, but by reference to the institutions of given times and places, subject only to the proviso that the general result produced by the whole system is advantageous. He enters into a long and, though eloquent, somewhat boastful exposition of the way in which this principle applies to the English Constitution. He shows how, by slow degrees, one right after another was established by Parliament, always upon the ground that it formed part of the ancient franchises of England. He then turns round upon the French, and, with tremendous force of language and sarcasm, reproaches them for not having followed this good example:—

Your Constitution, it is true, whilst you were out of possession, suffered waste and dilapidation; but you possessed in some parts the walls, and in all the foundations, of a noble and venerable castle. You might have repaired those walls, you might have built on those foundations.

The French might have put themselves in a high position by connecting their reforms with the history of their ancestors. If this aim had been kept in view,

You would not have been content to be represented as a gang of Maroons suddenly broke loose from the house of bondage, and therefore to be pardoned for your abuse of the liberty to which you were not accustomed, and were ill-fitted.

He goes on to contrast the state of feeling and opinion in France and England respectively which led to these opposite results. In England, those natural feelings were preserved which in France had been sacrificed to pedantic speculation:—

In England, we have not yet been completely embowelled of our natural entrails. . . . We have not been drawn and trussed in order that we may be filled, like stuffed birds in a museum, with chaff and rags, and paltry blurred shreds of paper about the rights of man [a passage, by the way, which appears to M. Michelet insane and blasphemous raving]. We preserve the whole of our feelings still native and entire, unsophisticated by pedantry and infidelity.

Religion, especially religion as embodied in the Established Church, is revered as the foundation of civil society, and the English people think that a Church Establishment lends a sort of sacred character to the State considered as a whole. France, on the other hand, has been misled by a "literary cabal," which "had some years ago formed something like a regular plan for the destruction of the Christian religion." By their malignant arts, they got possession of the public ear, controlled public opinion, and prevailed upon the States-General, which were composed principally of country curates and village attorneys (the estimate of the States-General, though not one of the most eloquent, is one of the shrewdest parts of the work), to confiscate the property of the Church. This state of mind led the French to overlook what was really good and wholesome in the Constitution of their country. It had great abuses, but it was by no means a very bad Government. Then follows an estimate of the condition of France, and of the different parts of its population, which is of

\* *Reflections on the Revolution in France.* By Edward Burke.  
*L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution.* Par A. De Tocqueville.

deep interest, especially when taken in connexion with the result of M. De Tocqueville's inquiries into the same subject. Burke observes that the population of France was apparently flourishing, that there was much reason to believe that its wealth was increasing, that "it is but cold justice to that fallen monarchy to say that for many years it trespassed more by levity and want of judgment in several of its schemes, than from any defect in diligence or in public spirit." He then proceeds to describe different classes of society. He speaks very highly of the *noblesse*, and points out, to the great credit of his sagacity, that they had nothing to do with the local administration. He admits as one of their faults, though he does not dwell on it, that they were too exclusive, not admitting rich men to a due share of consideration. One passage on this point is remarkable. No one would think of writing it now, and it marks the width of the gulf over which we have passed:—"To be honoured and even privileged by the laws, opinions, and inveterate usages of our country growing out of the prejudice of ages, has nothing to provoke horror and indignation in any man." His description of the clergy is to much the same effect. He defends their character, and vigorously and even ardently defends the utility of supporting them by endowments. The work concludes with a review of the Constitution established by the National Assembly, which is as fierce and contemptuous (and not undeservedly so) as words can make it. For our immediate purpose, the most remarkable passage in it is the following:—

If the present project of a Republic should fail, all securities to a moderated freedom fail with it; all the indirect restraints which mitigate despotism are removed; inasmuch that if Monarchy should ever again obtain an entire ascendancy in France, under this or any other dynasty, it will probably be, if not voluntarily tempered at setting out by the wise and virtuous counsels of the prince, the most completely arbitrary power that has ever appeared on earth.

Such are some of the most salient points of the view which the ablest of contemporary Englishmen took of the French Revolution. To common readers the fierce eloquence of the book will always constitute its great charm, and no doubt there is a wholesome pleasure in seeing a bully thrashed. The pedants and mere literary men who had ruled European, and especially French, opinion so noisily and so long, well deserved all that Burke said of them. "Hit him again—harder if you can," is the sentiment which rises in our mind on witnessing Burke's awful attacks on everybody who believed in the Rights of Man. But this is, after all, a passing pleasure, and perhaps rather a boyish one. The real merits of the book are in its quieter parts. Every page in which Burke deals with the question of the state of France, or with the tendency of the revolutionary legislation, is surprisingly shrewd, and has received ample confirmation from the subsequent minute inquiries of M. De Tocqueville. The great defect of the book is, that it raises but does not answer the question, Why was there any Revolution? If things were going on reasonably well, if the country was rather prosperous than otherwise, if the *noblesse* and the clergy were what Burke represents them as being, how can the whole transaction be explained? It is altogether incredible that a "literary cabal" should deprive a whole nation of its fundamental beliefs, and even of common sense and the very rudiments of experience, and launch it on a mad voyage of destruction and piracy. It would be too much to expect of any public man so accurate and comprehensive a knowledge of the affairs of a foreign country as to be able to answer a question like this in an entirely satisfactory manner. To take a keen shrewd view of the true character and tendency of events of such magnitude, discussed as they were with almost furious ardour, was in itself a great achievement.

M. De Tocqueville's work on the *Ancien Régime* enables us to understand how great an achievement it was—to see what truths form the necessary supplement to Burke's shrewd observations, and to get a true notion of the present constitution of French society. M. De Tocqueville, as well as Burke, recognises, and even sets out with recognising, the fact that France had originally the very same institutions as England, or, at least, institutions formed on the same model. But he points out what Burke not very un-naturally did not see, or did not see clearly—namely, that French institutions had had their history as well as English institutions, and that the Revolution was just as much a consequence of previous French history as the commotions which had marked the reigns of the Stuarts, and the establishment of the House of Brunswick, were consequences of the previous history of England. It is true that in England the change had been continuous, and that the taste of the people, and a variety of collateral circumstances, had made it possible to infuse a new spirit into the old forms; whereas in France, at the moment of the Revolution, the change, which had up to that time been gradual, became abrupt, and produced a crash. The answer, or rather the commentary, which M. De Tocqueville supplies to Burke's sarcasms about building on the ancient foundations, and the Maroon slaves escaped from the house of bondage, is that, after all, the English and French both rebuilt their houses, and on much the same plan—with a view, that is, to the alterations required by the gradual changes of society. The difference was that the English took their time, and, he might have added, made less fuss about it. With respect to his indignation about the Rights of Man, exactly the same remark applies. The French claimed, in an abstract pedantic way, what the English had long acted on without setting up a set of doctrines like metaphysical ninepins, to be knocked over by rhetoric. Burke himself had a theory of his own as to the rights of men, or, as he called them, to show that he disliked the phrase—the "real rights of men." He says, "If civil society be made for the advantage

of man, all the advantages for which it is made become his right. It is an institution of beneficence." The worst that can fairly be said of the Revolution is that it put forward the very same thought in a pedantic form which was open to a thousand objections. M. De Tocqueville says, with great truth, that the effect of the Revolution was "to abolish feudal institutions, in order to substitute simpler and more uniform political arrangements, based on the equality of conditions." It was not to produce the equality of conditions, but—that having been already produced, at least to a great extent, by other means—to make political institutions correspond with it. The object of the English Statute Book, from Magna Charta downwards, has been nearly the same. This is the leading thought of M. De Tocqueville's book; and it is very neatly expressed in a review which he wrote, and which Mr. John Mill translated for the *Westminster Review* in 1836. "The French Revolution has created a multitude of accessory and secondary things, but of all the things of principal importance it has only developed the germs previously existing. It has regulated, arranged, and legalized the effects of a great cause, but has not itself been that cause." This supplies the answer to Burke's invective. The reason why the French could not build on their old foundations was that they did not begin their repairs in time.

It is in comparing Burke's practical estimates of particular parts of the French body politic with the results of M. De Tocqueville's researches that the surprising shrewdness of the one and the value of the other are most strongly displayed. Burke insists on the general prosperity of France as proof that the Government was not utterly bad; and he argues that therefore it ought not to have been destroyed. One of M. De Tocqueville's chapters is thus headed:—"That the reign of Louis XVI. was the most prosperous period of the ancient Monarchy, and how that prosperity itself hastened the Revolution." After describing the complaints of misery and decay which were common during the half century which followed the great wars of Louis XIV., he says:—

About thirty or forty years before the outbreak of the Revolution, the spectacle begins to change. . . . Every one is impatient—exerts himself and tries to change his condition. There is a universal effort to improve, but it is a vexed and impatient effort, which makes men curse the past, and imagine a state of things contrary to what they see before them.

He goes on to show how this spirit affected every department of business—the executive Government, commerce, and the administration of the law. In all directions there was an increase of prosperity, and also an increased humanity in government. Burke's shrewd passing observation as to levity and want of judgment rather than want of diligence or public spirit being the fault of the Government, is fully corroborated by M. De Tocqueville's detailed inquiries. After observing that, in 1740, the administrative correspondence is occupied principally with acts of authority, he says of the administration of 1780:—"Its head is filled with a thousand schemes for increasing public riches. Roads, canals, manufactures, commerce, are the chief objects of its thoughts. Agriculture, too, attracts its attention. Sully comes into fashion with administrators." Why upset such a tolerable system? asks Burke, who, with the sagacity of a practical statesman, saw how tolerable it was. Because, says M. De Tocqueville, with great insight into human nature, "experience shows that the most dangerous moment for a bad government is generally that when it begins to reform. . . . Evils which were suffered patiently as being inevitable, appear insupportable if the notion of being rid of them is conceived." As the nation became rich, commercial, and enterprising, it naturally felt the old system of laws to be more oppressive than it had formerly been. The *droit d'aubaine*, for instance—the king's right to seize the goods of a foreigner dying in France—might be tolerated when it affected no one more important than an unlucky soldier of fortune or an obscure tradesman, but it would be utterly intolerable in the present day, when there are perhaps 20,000 comfortable English people in Paris at a time. So true is it that the hope to improve one's condition, the high spirits excited by prosperity, and the contrast between the existing state of things and the laws which shackle it are the most powerful incentives to revolution, that, as M. De Tocqueville points out, the most prosperous parts of France were precisely those in which the Revolution was most violent. In Paris and the Ile-de-France there was little to complain of. Brittany and La Vendée were full of abuses.

A very similar observation applies to the *noblesse*. Burke observes, with perfect truth, that they had little power in the country and none in the towns; and he adds that the mere possession of hereditary privileges, even if the possessor clung to them with obstinacy, was not a thing to be regarded with horror and indignation. M. De Tocqueville confirms and amplifies Burke's observation in the fullest way. He shows, in the first place, that at the time of the Revolution serfdom was almost, if not altogether, unknown in France. It existed, if at all, only here and there in one or two of the German provinces. Indeed, it seems probable that it died out in parts of France earlier than even in England. There had been no serfs in Normandy since the thirteenth century. Not only were most of the crying abuses of French society greatly alleviated, but the peasants had become proprietors. M. De Tocqueville's researches appear to prove that the state of things of which we hear so much at present is far older than the Revolution. The "*morcellement*" of the holdings, and the embarrassment of proprietors who bought their property with borrowed money, were the subject of frequent complaint long before the Revolution. What, then, was it all about? Why were the *noblesse* the object of such furious indignation, and ultimately of something like proscription? Burke asks the question as if it were unanswerable, and by way of reducing the Revolution



to an absurdity. M. De Tocqueville answers it satisfactorily. At the time of the Revolution the distinction between the peasant and the *gentilhomme* had become purely conventional:—

In feudal times the noblesse were looked on in the light in which we look on the government—the expense which it involved was submitted to because of the security which it gave. The nobles had vexatious privileges and burdensome rights, but they kept order, administered justice, put in force the law, helped the weak, and managed public affairs. As the noblesse ceases to do all this the weight of its privileges seems heavier, and at last its existence becomes unintelligible.

The noblesse ought, according to the institutions of the country, to have been its masters. In fact, they were only proprietors, and all their property was thrown into the most invidious form. The peasants who ought to have been serfs were, on the other hand, landowners, and their property enabled them to feel all the unfairness of the privileges of the noblesse in the keenest way. Hence the noblesse found themselves in a position at once invidious, helpless, and useless.

Another instance in which M. De Tocqueville supplies the groundwork of a keen observation of Burke's is in relation to the subject of the administration. Burke, after exposing the absurdity of the new Constitution, remarks that, if it failed, it left nothing but despotism to fall back upon. The remark is perfectly and lamentably true, but it was not altogether the fault of the National Assembly. Men cannot make bricks without straw, and M. De Tocqueville's book shows that there was nothing vigorous left in France except the central administration. The description of the local administration before the Revolution, and the proof that centralization in France was far older than Napoleon—that it was the work of Louis XIV., and had been brought during the eighteenth century to a state closely resembling that in which it may now be seen—is the great feature of M. De Tocqueville's second work. The same thing had been pointed out in a more summary manner in Sir James Stephen's *Lectures on the History of France*, but the extraordinary merit of M. De Tocqueville's book lies in the fact that it gives the result of a vast quantity of exploration at first hand of the original documents connected with, or rather constituting, the administration of the country. The history of the growth of the authority of the Intendants, and the specific examples given of the extraordinary power which they exercised, have thrown a flood of light over the whole subject. These researches explain, as it never was explained before, the process by which the noblesse were reduced to insignificance, and by which all the barriers between the central power and the mass of the population were thrown down. The facts which, to Burke, appeared like isolated iniquities or follies, are shown to have been only symptoms of a deep-seated and wide-spread disease, the roots of which were more than a century old. The most remarkable single instance of this is to be found in an observation of Burke's on a clause of the Constitution of 1790, which was repeated in later Constitutions, and is to this day the law of France, and a chain round the neck of the nation. It exempted public servants from actions for their official conduct without the leave of the Government. On this Burke remarks:—"It is curious to observe that the administrative bodies are carefully exempted from the jurisdiction of these new tribunals. That is, those persons are exempted from the power of the laws who ought to be most entirely submitted to them." This was most true; but it was equally true, as M. De Tocqueville shows, that this was not an isolated piece of folly on the part of the National Assembly, but a generalisation of a practice which had long been growing up. It had been usual to withdraw specifically from the cognizance of the ordinary tribunals all suits arising out of Royal edicts, or orders of the Council.

The views of Burke and those of M. De Tocqueville on the literary and religious aspect of the Revolution complete each other in the same remarkable manner. M. De Tocqueville writes without any special reference to Burke. In their estimate of the writers who influenced France so deeply they cordially agree, though M. De Tocqueville, as usual, explains the philosophy of the phenomenon which Burke merely observed. The *Reflections* are filled with bitter contempt of the pedantic system-mongers who had "embowelled" the French, and stuffed them, like birds in a museum, with wretched scraps and shreds of blurred paper about the Rights of Man. M. De Tocqueville shows how it happened that the literature of that age was at once so influential, so pretentious, and so inconceivably ignorant. It was influential, because arbitrary power had turned all the French intellect into that channel. It was pretentious, because it was ignorant, and at the same time conscious of its intellectual vigour. It was ignorant, because the writers were prevented by the Government from acquiring practical experience:—

The condition of these writers prepared men to like general and abstract theories in government, and to trust to them blindly. In the almost infinite distance at which they lived from practical life, no experience came to temper their natural ardour; nothing warned them of the obstacles which existing facts might oppose to the most desirable reforms; they had no idea of the dangers which always accompany the most necessary revolutions.

Their animosity to Christianity was a feature which would, of course, attract the attention of every observer. M. De Tocqueville ascribes it entirely to want of political experience, and agrees with Burke in the conclusion that the least degree of practical knowledge would have prevented it. Two passages from the *Reflections* and the *Ancien Régime* on this subject are strikingly similar. Burke, whilst insisting on the fact that experience had brought Englishmen to reverence religion as the basis of society, says that his experience has lived down scepticism:—

Who, born within the last forty years, has read one word of Collins and Toland, and Tindal and Chubb and Morgan, and that whole race who called themselves free-thinkers? Who now reads Bolingbroke? Who ever read him through?

After referring, not to this passage of Burke, but in general terms to the Deistical controversy in England, M. De Tocqueville says:—

Why look for examples out of France? What Frenchman in the present day would think of writing such books as those of Diderot and Helvetius? Who would read them? I should almost say, who knows their titles? The incomplete experience which we have acquired in sixty years of public life has sufficed to disgust us with this dangerous literature.

The resemblance on this point between these great men deserves notice rather than praise. The question of the truth of a religion is at least as important as that of its utility, for truth is the highest form of utility, and grapes will grow on thorns, and figs on thistles before all human life can be founded on a lie. It is the weak point of both Burke and M. De Tocqueville that they never seem to admit that inquiry into the origin of received truths has any value for its own sake. They undoubtedly had some. Mere political experience would not have been sufficient to parry all their attacks. The questions which they raised are still outstanding, and will some day or other imperiously require a solution. The question what is the truth, as far as we can grasp it, about God and the soul, is at least as important, as practical a question, for every man as the question what is the nature of Democracy.

This parallel between Burke and M. De Tocqueville might be carried through the whole of their respective books; but the foregoing observations are enough to serve as an illustration of the way in which the keen glance of practical experience sharpened by passion is explained and confirmed by the minute inquiries and mature wisdom of political philosophy.

#### BORDER AND BASTILLE.\*

SOME six months ago a report found its way to this country through the American newspapers, that a popular novelist—well known by his writings at least, if not by name, on both sides of the Atlantic—had met with the misfortune to which not a few of his literary brethren have fallen victims, through intruding into the precincts of the demon of war, and that he was at that moment expiating his rashness in the State prison at Washington. For months no more was heard by the public of the captive's fate. The waters of oblivion had closed over him, and it seemed as if the remote prospect of peace was the earliest contingency that could restore a familiar pen to the world. We are happy to be able thus early to congratulate Mr. Lawrence on his resurrection to the life of a freeman and a *littérateur* in such condition as his incarceration has, by his own description, spared him to his friends; and we would include in our felicitations the large class whose appetite for highly-spiced fictions has been sadly tantalized by the long-enforced silence of the author of *Guy Livingstone*. The narrative of his intermediate fortunes, the motives which impelled him to his ill-omened adventure, and the causes which brought it to a summary and ignominious end, are now before us. We will hope that the sufferings, constitutional and mental, of which he so pathetically bemoans the ravages, will be as rapidly effaced from his recollection as his admirers will run through the little modicum of entertainment which he has been able to make out of his abortive reminiscences. We are prepared, indeed, by his own confession of the wasting effects of enforced confinement upon the tone of a man whose means of subsistence lay so largely in his "condition," for some abatement in the vigour of a style which piqued itself upon its "muscularity." Nor can we fail, in fact, to detect the humbling truth in the painful effort which it obviously costs the writer of *Border and Bastille* to keep up the old air of athletic strength, and wield the pen with the native pride of superior animalism. It must be infinitely distressing to become for the first time conscious of nerves and qualms like men of common muscle, and to have to make so evident a strain upon the will in order to keep up to the old pace of careless and "plucky" going. It is the way with most men of rude and apparently indomitable physique, to show themselves pitifully cowed by the first sensation of impaired and sinking powers, and to become querulous and egotistic while telling of their unwonted symptoms and measuring their deterioration of stamina. A sufferer of that type is never tired of letting us know the giant he was, and of baring the etiolated arm, as he contrasts his now conscious flaccidity with the robust proportions of his prime. Rather than disguise the melancholy truth, or seek palliatives and apologies for the ruin thus palpably—though, we hope, temporarily—wrought upon the inward and outward man, he can even find a bitter satisfaction in making the worst of his own case. To affect disguise would, no doubt, be womanly; to his notions of manliness it looks better of the two to make a clean breast of it, and almost over-act the part of the crest-fallen and disconcerted adventurer. In plainer words, our author's impression seems to be that a man who has done a foolish thing is wiser to tell the plain truth himself than to have it said for him to his face. He had better be the first to pick himself up after coming down with a run, and, by heading the laugh, to take it out of the mouth of his enemies. About the failure and the impending ridicule there can be no mistake. "A failure, absolute and complete, however brought about, is a fair mark for mockery, if not for censure." If it must come to flogging, though, let his

\* *Border and Bastille*. By the Author of "Guy Livingstone." London: Tinsley Brothers. 1863.

own hand, he thinks, lay on the birch. As he sits on the "velvet green of the Devonian shrubland," inhaling the restorative breezes "where Torbay shimmers broad and blue," still rueful and half-stunned by the collapse of his pet project, and, instead of wreathing the bloody laurels he had hoped to bring home, asks, in self-reproachful bewilderment, like Mr. Tennyson's discomfited lover—

Why am I sitting here so stunn'd and still,  
Plucking the harmless wildflower on the hill?

it is something to tell the secret of his past ambition, and to relieve the sense of disappointment by singing the grandeur of his hopes.

In the impulse which drew him towards the scene of the mighty fray in the West, Mr. Lawrence is conscious of something beyond the mere "curiosity" of a sight-seer, or even the listening to the "suggestions of those who thought that he might find materials for a book that would interest many in England." It seemed possible not merely to write history, but to make it. He would throw "Sword," not "Gown" alone, into the scale of the Southern armies. His "intention from the first was to serve as a volunteer aide in the army of Virginia, so long as he should find either pen-work or handiwork to do." The South, he modestly admits, might easily have gained "a more efficient recruit," but "a more earnest adherent it would have been hard to find." Nevertheless, thoroughly settled as his predilections were in this direction long before leaving Europe, we are to believe that the consciousness of a strong partisan spirit at his heart has been the cause of his striving so hard, "not only to state facts as accurately as possible, but to abstain from colouring them with involuntary prejudice." Letters of introduction from Mr. Slidell and Colonel Dudley Mann to the most influential personages, civil and military, in the Confederacy, from President Davis downwards, "though they benevolently over-estimated the qualifications of the bearer," could hardly have failed to secure him the position our volunteer desired. The loss, in consequence, must have been scarcely less deplorable to the fortunes of the hard-pressed South than to those who love to read of warlike deeds, when the ingenious devices and stratagems which should have led him to General Lee's headquarters landed him, with one knee barked by a rifle-shot, in the arms of a picket of Federal "Home Guards." Not that he even now sees any lack of wisdom in his tactics on the route. Since his return, he is indignant because "some one," he says, "has been kind enough to insinuate that I might have succeeded better if I had been more careful to prosecute my journey South with vigour at any risk, or if I had been less imprudent in parading my object while in Baltimore." "Some one" had better beware of thrusting his impertinent insinuations upon a professor of muscularity, if he would not have his ears boxed for his pains. "I prefer to meet the first of these assertions by the most unqualified denial that it is possible to give to any falsehood, written or spoken." The knock-down argument is obviously a far more summary way of settling a trifling difference of opinion, as well as a better way of training for future bellicose expeditions, than appeals to ordinary logic. And the perilous publicity, "the halo of romance," which somehow got "thrown round a very practical purpose," was not his own seeking, but the penalty of greatness—the parade of the eminent writer's movements by the "sensational-mongers" of the press, by whom the Administration was kept thoroughly "posted up" in his latest doings and sayings.

Nor is it only before the public, or in the face of gain-sayers and cavillers, that he can witness a good confession. A serious fate hangs over the head of the Judge-Advocate-General, whose sleek official *bonhomie* was the means of betraying the unguarded *détenu* into a trap "which no man of mature age can remember without a hot flush of shame," though "an artless boy might easily have been gulled by the portly presence, the unctuous voice, and eyes that twinkled merrily through gold-rimmed glasses." Uneasy will lie the head of that Machiavellian official when he learns through these pages the *vendetta* that waits for him:—

During the latter days of my imprisonment, I indulged more than once in a day-dream, not the less pleasant because it is wildly improbable. Should the changes and chances of this mortal life ever bring me face to face with that jovial Judge on any neutral ground, by my faith and honour I will say in his ear five short words not hard to understand. On the steps of Carroll Place, when the door opened to set me free, I sent Major Turner a message much to this effect. I devoutly hope it was delivered with the "verbal accuracy" of which he is so remarkably fond.

Ill will it fare with that sleek portly man when the victim of his guile has recovered in limb and breath the waste inflicted through his unfair dealing and intentional discourtesy—nay, more, through his coolly choosing to "lie to a subordinate, rather than risk the short discussion that an interview would have involved." It will go hard with him when "the feelings of unmitigated self-contempt" which the recollection of his cajolery calls up restore the lost vigour to an arm which at the time of his capture could "rend a broad linen band fastened tightly round the upper arm, by *bending* the biceps!" For it must be presumed that our athlete is more at home in the practice than in the theory of muscular action. His familiarity, at all events, with the peculiar slang of the prize-ring is suffered to peep out as often as comparison is called for. Lying in his berth, during the stormy Atlantic passage, he could "feel the heavy seas smite the strong ship one cruel blow after another on her bows and beam, till at last she would seem to stop altogether, and, dropping her head like a glutton in the P.R., would take her punishment sullenly, without an effort at rising in resistance." Watching the wondrous fast-trotting horses of New York, he marks "those clean, sinewy pasterns shoot forward—

well *outside* of the fore hoof-track—straight and swift as Mace's arm in an upper cut." Behind one of these "lean, rather ragged forms" he has been driven, "whose time was close on 2.45," and yet this is not "considered anything extraordinary," as neither is 1,000 dollars "as the outside price of such an animal." "Once inside the forties the fancy prices begin, and go up rapidly to 4,000 dollars or higher." In a boudoir of honour, "rush-strewn like the tiring room of some ancient *châtelaine*, but brilliant with polished wood and metal, gorgeous with stained glass," he was shown the Queen of the Turf, the peerless, world-renowned "Flora Temple," whose great feat of a mile in two minutes nineteen seconds has left her without a challenger to dispute the sovereignty of the road. Fox-hunting, however, presents nothing but a mark for scorn to a man of unimpeachable sporting tastes, in a country where "three or four couple of cross-bred hounds do occasionally worry to death their unhappy quarry"—where a "heavy fall of snow is supposed generally to accelerate matters"—and where the detestable "snake-fences, with their projecting zig-zags of loosely piled rails," are never a fair jump, even with their top bars removed, which involves the trouble of dismounting. In Baltimore—where much lively sport of other kinds, with hospitalities and luxuries unbounded, formed an agreeable prelude to the ultimate mishap—was picked up Falcon, "of the famous Black Hawk breed," the good steed that bore our author, his fortunes, and saddle-bags, faithfully and well, through snow and rain, snake-fence and clearing, till the same bullet which ended his master's venture laid low the gallant Falcon, "shot right through the jugular vein," on the sedge banks of the Potomac. It ought not to be omitted here, in passing—as it has been held deserving of record among other traits of physical prowess particularized for the admiration or envy of the reader—that the rider, "in hard condition, without cloak, valise, or accoutrements," drew "14st. 10lb. in a common hunting saddle." In this equipment it would be another graceless omission not to include a matchless pair of riding-boots, "coming high up on the thigh, perfectly waterproof, but very light, and pliant as a glove," whose fair proportions, setting off limbs of such manly mould, the wearer's duck-shooting acquaintances at Baltimore were never weary of admiring. It was a perilous prize, however, to exhibit to the eyes of roving moss-troopers in the South, where even an ordinary pair of cavalry boots commanded readily seventy dollars or more; and this priceless *chaussure* had to be veiled, on the march, by a pair of colossal overalls. "Honour where honour is due; Fagg, of Panton Street, was the architect."

Thus imposing, by the combined efforts of nature and art, no wonder that the traveller's ear was greeted from time to time with complimentary allusions which it would be an unfair sacrifice to modesty to withhold. Even in the low estate of a prisoner under suspicion of treason, it must have been balm to the wounded spirit to overhear from the plebeian lips of the Head Superintendent of his house of bondage the grudging tribute to the lofty air of his charge, in the muttered opinion to his subordinate after the second interview, "That's a pretty d—d high-handed sort of a chap, anyhow." In the official estimate, the importance of the capture rose to something more like diplomatic or international proportions, as betrayed by the remarks let fall during a "passage of arms" concerning the righteousness of the Administration in compassing and maintaining his detention:—

The official listened quite coolly and calmly, with a twinkle of amusement in his shrewd cynical eyes, and answered—

"Well, we've had a good bit of trouble with England and English this year; and I reckon they think they've got a pretty fair-sized fish now, and mean to keep him, whether or no."

"That's Republican justice, all over," I said; "to make the one that you can catch pay for the dozen that you can't, or that you are afraid to grapple with."

"I don't know much about justice," was the reply; "but it's d—d good policy."

At length, after just two months' incarceration, came the welcome release, ratified on the part of the prisoner by his parole of honour to evacuate the States with as little delay as possible. On the 5th of June, lightened but free, man and saddle-bags cleared out of the "bastille" on their return journey towards the home they had quitted to such futile purpose.

It is rather cool on the writer's part to claim, as he does throughout, the sympathies of the British public as a victim to the tyranny of the Federal Government in keeping, for "their sovereign pleasure, an Englishman in durance for a certain period, without attempting to excuse the arbitrary stretch of authority," while he makes no secret that his intention from the first had been to reinforce the hostile cause as a belligerent. If he only blew his own trumpet, during his stay at Baltimore, with half the loudness and truculence which his pages would lead us to suppose, there is not much to wonder at in the conduct of the authorities in clapping their hands on so noisy a recruit when he sought to smuggle himself across the blockaded border. Though he quietly professes to rest upon the status of "travelling as a neutral and civilian, with no other object than his own private ends," and to soften down his offence into merely having "contravened a general order by crossing the Federal lines without a pass," he has nothing but his own temerity to blame for the mishap which in natural consequence befell him. That this was the view of his case taken by the British Legation at Washington is clear from the fact that no application was sent in for his unconditional release—all that could be done being to press for the usual formalities of inquiry and regular trial. If a gentleman of roving and martial disposition, "whose enmity to all purely republican institutions will endure to his life's end," and who takes so little pains to conceal his political antipathies and predilections, chooses to make the hospitality of



the Northern republic a convenient bridge for passing over to the enemy's camp, he has no right to complain if that Power stringently closes its doors upon one whom his voluntary defiance of the fortune of war has brought within the operation of its rules.

#### THE LEAGUE IN NORMANDY.\*

NORMANDY was, after Paris, the chief scene of the final struggle made by the house of Guise to supplant the old dynasty. Like most of the great provinces, it was divided between the King's party and the League, when, on the death of Henry III., the King of Navarre saw the advantage of establishing himself firmly in Normandy, and concentrating his power at the gates of Paris. Normandy was a rich province; the nobility, though strong Catholics, were mostly inclined to the Royalist cause, partly through dislike of the "foreign" princes, the Lorrainers, partly through fear of the levelling doctrines professed by some of the partisans of the League; it commanded one of the great approaches to Paris; and, above all, its ports offered Henry the easiest and most rapid means of communication with England and the United Provinces. Leaving, therefore, the South, with which he was so closely connected, and content to keep up a precarious connexion with it by means of the towns on the Loire, Henry, much to the dissatisfaction of some of his Southern Huguenot friends, fixed himself in Normandy. And in Normandy, or close to its borders, the contest was decided. Pushed back to the sea, and turning to bay before Dieppe, Henry at Arques won the first decisive success in the war, and showed the Leaguers, who thought that they had him in a trap, what sort of antagonist had taken the field. In Normandy he recruited his army. From thence he drew his chief supplies of stores and money. Commanding the bridges on the Seine, he could act at pleasure to the north or the south of Paris. In Normandy he collected the troops with which he broke out to fight at Ivry. Thither he retreated when baffled before Paris; and his command of the province enabled him to harass and check the march of the redoubtable soldier for whom he was no match in the field—the Prince of Parma. By clinging fast to Normandy, Henry preserved a commanding position without which even his ultimate abjuration of Protestantism would not have sufficed to give him the Crown. But his hold on Normandy was by no means undisputed. Rouen, after Paris, was the great stronghold of the League; Rouen stood its protracted and desperate siege, carried on by one of Henry's ablest generals, with more spirit and glory than Paris endured its blockade; and Rouen held out for the "Sainte Union" after Paris had accepted the relapsed and suspected heretic whom her divines and preachers had so often sworn never, under any circumstances, to acknowledge. Normandy saw the last military exploit of the greatest master of war of his time, the Prince of Parma, who died a few months afterwards in the habit of a Capuchin friar—the rescue of his weakened and dispirited army, by passing it over the Seine at Caudebec without leaving a man or a gun behind him, under the eyes of Henry himself, and in spite of the fire of a Dutch flotilla. And even after the great cities of France had submitted to Henry, after the Duke of Mayenne himself had given up the contest, after Villars, the defender of Rouen, had joined the Royal side, and resistance had ceased everywhere else, two enthusiastic Leaguers—a partisan soldier and a priest, the *curé* of Trouville—held out with desperate obstinacy at the mouth of the Seine, and the last act of the war was the difficult and murderous siege of the little port of Honfleur.

M. D'Estaintot has collected a great number of notices of the struggle, as it was connected with Normandy, from the death of the Duke of Guise at Blois, in 1588, to the final triumph of Henry IV. in 1594. His work was originally written for a prize, proposed by the Academy of Caen, for an essay on the royalist Parlement which had its seat at Caen during that period; but it grew into an attempt to describe the general state of the province at the time. But, though the plan of the work has been changed, the marks remain of the first design. The proceedings of the Parlement and the extracts from its records are still the most prominent, if not always the most important, part of the essay. The sovereign Court is the centre of the sketch, and the transactions going on round it are made, in one way or another, to connect themselves with it. A book always suffers from having been begun on one plan and finished on another, and from having its plan enlarged because the writer found that his more limited scheme did not turn out sufficiently interesting or give him enough to say. The present work has the defects arising from this change of design. But it is written with care and knowledge, and gives an interesting view of the state of a French province during those civil wars which were at once wars of religion and wars of succession.

There was a time when it seemed doubtful whether France might not become one of the Protestant Powers. But at the end of the sixteenth century it had been made evident that the general opinion of the country had declared itself unequivocally on the side of the old form of religion. Henry of Navarre was strongly supported by a great proportion of the nobles and gentry of Normandy, by the more respectable of the lawyers, and by a more doubtful party among the town population. But most of these were still more decidedly Catholic than they were Royalist; Henry's religion was a continual offence and trial to them; and the only thing which appeased the scruples of their consciences was, that besides his upholding and protecting everywhere the

Catholic worship, he was continually giving the curious pledge that, as soon as he had leisure, he would seriously set himself to be instructed in the reasons and principles of the Catholic religion. Immediately on the death of Henry III. he made the promise that, within the first six months, "il se ferait instruire;" and the promise was no more than was necessary to keep the Royalist nobles, and even his kinsman the Duc de Montpensier, on his side. The royalist Parlement of the province, after hesitating about acknowledging him, at length attested the validity of his title, but with an earnest supplication to him to make profession of the old religion. The "six months" passed away long before Henry found time to get himself "instructed;" but this undertaking on his part was the only defence which he had against the overwhelming disadvantage of being of the wrong religion—a disadvantage which his partisans put up with for a time, trusting to his ultimate change, but which, in spite of his popularity and brilliant qualities, would have excluded him from the Crown if he had not at last submitted to accept the popular faith of Frenchmen. But Henry did not yield till he found by experience that there was only one obstacle which he could not hope to overcome—the charge of heresy. While he was promising the nobles and Parlement of Normandy that he would have himself instructed within the next six months, he was assuring his Huguenot friends of the impossibility of his abjuration:—

Quand il leur écrit (says M. d'Estaintot), c'est pour traiter les bruits que l'on fait courir d'illicites, pleins de calomnie et de mensonges; il cherche, vis-à-vis d'eux, à atténuer l'effet qu'aurait dû produire sa protestation de se faire instruire dans les six mois; il leur explique qu'elle n'avait d'autre but "que de conserver les catholiques sous son obéissance et l'Etat tout ensemble." Et que, du reste, il n'avait point "intermis l'exercice de la religion partout où il avait esté, tellement que cette semaine sept presches se sont faits à Dieppe par le Sieur Damours. Est-ce là, ajoutait-il, donner un argument ou indice du changement?"

But as events moved forward, and the taint of heresy neutralized the effects of his victories, he had to bind himself by stronger engagements—"to take counsel with God first, and then with the men who could best give him aid in resolving himself in that which his good and affectionate Catholic subjects desire of him." He put off again and again the inevitable step; but it was the only price at which the Crown of France was to be had, and his own party kept from breaking to pieces. The immediate effect of it was most remarkable. His abjuration was like the breaking of a spell which kept him from the throne. The Leaguers—whose hatred was still fierce and implacable, and whose suspicions of Henry's sincerity were reasonable and just—could no longer stem the national jealousy of Spain, and the national longing for a king of the old line, and of indisputable title; and they had, for the present, to content themselves with protests like one by a preacher at Caen, who ended his sermon by saying that "there might be persons so delicate as to censure what he was about to say, but that, had they ears as large and as wide as those of Midas, he would still say, as he had already said, that when God was minded to afflict his people, he sent them kings who were hypocrites." But the majority of Frenchmen probably thought that peace, and an effective and able government, were cheaply purchased by a private sacrifice of conscience and honesty.

The League, fortunately for the country, was always looked upon with dislike and suspicion by the great legal corporations which kept up the traditions of law and constitutional right in France—the Parlements. When the Catholic democracy at Rouen rose and seized the city for the League on the murder of the Duke of Guise, the Parlement submitted, with the utmost reluctance and only from fear, to embark in the cause; and when the King issued a decree removing the seat of the Court from rebellious Rouen to Caen, the more respectable members of the Parlement obeyed the order. Thus there were two rival Parlements in Normandy—the royalist one at Caen, and the revolutionary one, holding the original seat of the corporation, in the *Palais* at Rouen. But in Rouen the authority of the Parlement, weakened by the defection of its principal members, was completely over-ridden by the self-constituted council of the town, headed and guided by the power of the military governor and by a parochial clergy whose violence makes even the Covenanters seem tame. But at Caen the Parlement was of considerable use to the King. It gave to his title in the province the sanction of law, according to the highest and most respectable interpreters of the law; and this sanction was the stronger as the zeal of the Parlement for the Catholic faith was above suspicion. At Caen, as at Paris and elsewhere, the weight of the law courts was the chief counterpoise to the clergy and the Sorbonne, whose influence was hostile and formidable. The men of ecclesiastical and legal learning were, for the most part, on opposite sides in the great civil contest; and though the clergy had the ear of the multitude, and used their advantage recklessly and without scruple, their rabid extravagance and revolting ferocity gradually discredited them, and left the more cautious proceedings and more dignified language of the lawyers to produce their effect on the public mind. At Caen, a considerable part of the business of the Parlement consisted in bridling headstrong and refractory preachers. They were men who did not care what they said, and who gave plenty of trouble. The Jacobin Houllay, at Caen, besides praying for the Catholic princes at war with the King, had made reference to the chapters of the book of Judges which speak of Ehud and Jael, where, he said—

\* *La Ligue en Normandie, 1588-1594.* Par le Vte. R. D'Estaintot. Paris: Anbry. 1862.

Il est fait mention d'un contean et d'un saint elou pris au tabernacle; par lesquels points et articles extraits par le Sieur Houllay de l'écriture sainte,

l'on présume, disent les registres secrets, qu'il en veut inférer que le feu roi (Henry III) a été justement tué à Saint Clon par un jacobin.

The Parlement ordered him under arrest in his convent; but their interference produced great indignation in the assemblies which the "gens d'église" held in the churches of Caen, and his friends had the boldness to ask leave of the military governor, who was supposed to be jealous of the lawyers, "to preach in behalf of the Jacobin Houllay, he being *in reatu*, charged with high treason, and, therefore, prisoner by decree of the Court." When the Cordelier Blouyn was charged with "divagating" all over the town, instead of staying at home and studying what he had to preach, whereby it came to pass that he preached treason and bloodshed, he requested, with mock humility, that the Court would be good enough to prescribe to him the form of his sermons. But though the Jacobin Houllay and the Cordelier Blouyn and their friends for some time braved the Court, "divaguant et tournoyant par la ville," the Parlement in the end proved too strong for them; and at last, by summarily banishing the seditious preachers, it put a stop at Caen to the ferocious harangues which in Paris stirred up the populace to riot and murder. The Parlement rendered service also in the legalization and collection of taxes, and in putting some check, though not a very effectual one, on the wastefulness and cruelty of military exactions; and though, in the confusion of the time, its decrees were often set at nought, it yet was always ready, and even sometimes able, to enforce legal order, to keep up the forms and securities of justice, and to stimulate the slackness of the provincial gentry when shrinking from military service, by threatening defaulters with legal degradation from their rank as nobles to the condition of "roturiers." It is remarkable how much authority the royalist Parlement at Caen seems to have retained, considering that a rival Parlement sat at Rouen, and that, in the anarchy of the civil war, it was constantly engaged in conflicts of jurisdiction with other courts. But it watched jealously over its prerogatives. If, from the insecurity of the roads, it was compelled to waive its cherished right to admit and hear appeals, and allowed officers and courts at a distance to carry sentences into execution without the regular legal delay, it made the exceptional power the subject of distinct provisions, and made great difficulties about interrupting the order of justice to meet the pressing requirements of military necessities.

The law courts of France in those times were not very scrupulous; but they did great service by keeping up in some measure the traditions of law, in times when it was thought on all sides, according to the expression of Henry himself, that in the treatment of suspected enemies "*les conjectures doivent tenir lieu de preuves*." They were real, however imperfect barriers, against the blind violence of the nobles—those "tyrannaux," great and small, who ravaged the country in war and oppressed it in peace, and whose "*petits forts*," by which "the king's poor subjects were so harassed," Henry IV. "well swore in his heart to bring to ruin," but swore to no purpose. The law courts defended the great principles of right, justice, and order against a democracy goaded to madness by a fanatic clergy; they gave expression to the national sentiment against the intrigues of a policy which would have given France into the power of foreigners; and they stood firm against the usurpations of the Papal Court, which never put forth its claims in a more extravagant and offensive form than it did in France during the last years of the League. It was fortunate for France that during the troubles of the civil war the Parlements were able to maintain their position and authority, and that there existed public bodies with high prerogatives, which had not entirely lost their senses, their temper, and their right political instincts in the confusion. The appeal to the Salic law was a pedantic way of saving the national independence and settling the Crown. But it suited the time, and it did its work; and its pedantry, perhaps, was not greater than the devices which were adopted for the same great object, a century later, by the statesmen of the English Revolution.

#### LUDWIG UHLAND.\*

SUCH an event as the death of Ludwig Uhland—a man popular alike as a genuine poet and as an upright politician—which took place towards the close of last year, could not at any time have passed unnoticed or unmourned among a nation always tender towards its intellectual leaders. But its effects made themselves felt with double force when it was remembered how few were left to cherish the flame of poetic originality in the German temple of the muses. Rückert still lives in an honoured old age; but with him creative power has rarely supplied matter adequate to the command of language and metre for which he is distinguished. Anastasius Grün has failed to accompany the dawn of constitutional life in Austria with any of the spirited effusions which he put forth in her days of darkness; nor does Hofmann von Fallersleben any longer put forth those epigrammatic verses which have secured him a poetic reputation perhaps scarcely called for by their poetic merit. On the other hand, the old Romantic school is a thing of the past. With Tieck, the better style of artificial mediævalism has been carried to the grave; and now even Simrock, the most industrious if not the most gifted of Uhland's school, is no more. Nor are there any of the irregulars left to create astonishment among friends and foes. The eccentric genius of Lennan has long ago flickered out within the walls of a madhouse; and Freiligrath has no longer any leisure left to sing

the adventures of negro princes and lion-hunters. Heine, the sweetest of German singers and the bitterest of German satirists, no longer electrifies the world from the bed of torture from which he was at last released six years ago. The cultivation of poetry in Germany is left to feeble Classicists like Paul Heyse, and emasculated Romanticists like Oscar von Redwitz, whose twaddle is eked out by an occasional translation from the Serbian or Persian by Bodenstedt, or a drawing-room ballad by Wolfgang Müller, self-styled von Königswinter.

Ludwig Uhland's genius was cast in a far different mould. That he was a true poet can almost be gathered from the manner in which he wrote, and abstained from writing, poetry. He was very sparing of his poetic pen, and, in consequence, there is little left among what he wrote which his nation would willingly let die. When asked by an importunate friend why he left his muse at peace for so very long, he replied that it was not he who left his muse, but rather she who left him in peace. Nor is this aversion to writing, save when the affluence was on him, to be ascribed, in his case, to a constitutional laziness like that which was wont to lull the creative genius of our own Campbell; for Uhland was ever a hard and an honest worker, and least of all inclined to a sybaritic repose on his laurels. But, as a poet, he felt that the gift of song was bestowed on him rather in intensity than in abundance, and consequently he resolved to write rarely, and what he wrote to write well. Thus the ballads of Uhland have become dear to the nation in a degree scarcely surpassed by the minor poems of Goethe and Schiller, and some of Heine's songs. The latter, whose spleen vented itself with more than its usual bitterness on the Suabian branch of the Romantic school, to which Uhland avowedly belonged, was fain to treat its most distinguished member with something approaching to respect. Varnhagen, whose tongue was inclined to mocking almost as much as that of Heine, recognised in Uhland's songs a power equal to that in Goethe's; and Goethe himself on one occasion condescended to express a regret for Uhland's constant engagement in political avocations, observing that Suabia had plenty of men good enough for Parliamentary deputies, but only one poet like Uhland.

The reputation of even a very distinguished man frequently has to undergo a severe test when, on his death, a multitude of honest friends rush in and defy the world to produce his equal. But some are able to bear a good deal of eulogy; and thus the reputation of Uhland is not likely to succumb under the enthusiasm of such a biographer as M. Friedrich Notter, who proudly narrates that this is the third attempt he has made since Uhland's death to do honour to his memory. We are not acquainted with his previous efforts, which were of a more fugitive character, though, for that very reason, they must have, at all events, possessed over his present work the advantage of brevity. This biography of Uhland is not only far too long, but is arranged, or rather thrown together, with the most evident marks of haste. There seems no reason why M. Notter, being favoured with the confidence of so many publishers, should not have taken a little more time about the task to which he appears to have been so unaccountably predestined, instead of launching on the world more than four hundred rambling pages, neither divided into chapters nor supplied with an index, in which biography, criticism, long quotations from Uhland's speeches, manifestoes, and poems, published and unpublished, crowd on one another's heels without giving the reader a moment's breathing-time. Any attempt to supply a little order would have amply compensated for the omission of the poetical Prologue which M. Notter has thought it necessary to recall to the memory of the Stuttgart *Liederkreis*. His personal acquaintance with Uhland he himself confesses to have been slight, and the anecdotal traits he has been able to preserve are therefore neither many nor interesting, as our readers will believe from the following specimen, intended as a proof of Uhland's disinclination to talk with people about things they could not fully appreciate:—

Thus, at a later period, when a lady, who in distinguished society plagued him by repeated questions as to whether he played any musical instrument, and, if so, which, he answered quickly, in order to put an end to the subject and to turn the conversation, "Yes, the violin," although in reality he had never learned this or any other instrument.

The life of Uhland was a long and, on the whole, a quiet one. He was born in 1787 at Tübingen, in which University he spent nearly all of his life except what he devoted to his Parliamentary duties in the neighbouring capital of Stuttgart. After the termination of his legal studies, he undertook a journey to Paris, where he was principally attracted by the old German MSS. in the Imperial Library; and on his return, after a very few years spent at Stuttgart as an advocate, he found himself settled in the more congenial position of Professor of German Literature at Tübingen. For the practice of the law he never had much taste; but its study served him well in his subsequent experience as a deputy in the Stuttgart Parliament. He was first elected for Tübingen in the year 1820, on the principles which through his whole life he continued to maintain. "The good old Right by Law" (*Das gute alte Recht*) of which he sang in his poems was the rule by which he held fast against the attempts of the King of Wurtemberg to overthrow a Constitution after his own liking in the place of that belonging to the land; and it continued to guide him when, in 1849, he took his seat at Frankfurt, on the Left Centre (i. e. among the advanced liberal Constitutionalists) of the German National Assembly. The views advocated by him were extremely democratic; but, as was natural for a South German, strongly against the contemplated exclusion of Austria from the Empire. He was, in fact,

\* Ludwig Uhland. *Sein Leben und seine Dichtungen*. Von Friedrich Notter. Stuttgart: 1863.



what is now called *gross deutsch*, but far more democratic than the bulk of that party. In this sense he opposed the offer of the Imperial Crown to the King of Prussia, and advocated an elective monarchy—the Emperor not to be a reigning German prince, and to be chosen anew every six years. “No head will shine over Germany,” he cried, “which is not anointed with a full drop of democratic oil.” His plans, like many others, were wrecked in the general collapse of hopes and dreams; but he held out to the last, and when the rump of the Frankfort Assembly retired to Stuttgart, he followed, though presciently protesting against the choice of place; and he was one of the deputies at last driven ignominiously down the streets by the Wurtemberg dragoons, to whom the populace are said to have cried out—“You surely won’t ride down old Uhland?”

The political career of Uhland was not without its influence on his poetic life. His poetry was intensely national, and as such broadly objective. In his Ballads, on which his poetic fame principally rests, the poet’s personality of course vanishes; nor is it much farther intruded in his less successful and popular Songs. Against the subjectivity of modern literature he always made war, abhorring it both on intellectual grounds and from the natural disposition of his character, which was retiring, and all but morose:—

Even Goethe in *Wahrheit und Dichtung* he thought had gone too far (in subjectivity); such was not the way to create a national literature. He was pleased to know so little about Shakspeare, except just that he had something to do with poaching—after all, a fresh, manly kind of thing. As for the lyrical poetry of our own days, it often merely expressed that the poet felt one way to-day, and another to-morrow.

His first appearance, however, as a poet was in the company of several young and ardent spirits who, in opposition to the regulation *Morning Journal for Cultivated Readers*, had founded a *Sunday Journal for Uncultivated Readers*. The most distinguished among them was Justinus Kerner, who had not as yet startled his friends by his celebrated anticipation of the spirit-rapping gospel; and all of them were Romanticists of the first water. The loftiest and feeblest among them was a certain Schoder, of whom M. Notter has some rather amusing anecdotes, and who on one occasion thus apostrophised himself:—

I rise, I soar; I sing, I am!  
Be witness thou Eternity!  
Speed, sorry hours of worldly sham!  
A resurrection waits for me,  
When, ‘mongst the noblest of our race  
In Tuiskona’s sanctuary,  
By Schiller’s side I take my place.

Uhland’s circle in time extended itself to all the leading writers of the Suabian school, among whom were Schwab, Pfizer, Halm, and other more or less known names. Much, and often not unjustly, as this school has been ridiculed, we cannot but concur with M. Freytag, of whom M. Notter quotes an observation to the effect that it was the first to impart a manly character to art by its participation in political life. To Uhland the traditions of Suabia and of his larger German fatherland, the stories of Frederick Barbarossa and Eberhard *der Rauschebart*, the romances of Charlemagne and his brave Roland were as dear as, but not dearer than, the hopes to which he gave expression in his *Patriotic Poems*. The great merit of his Ballads and Romances is their directness and simple beauty, which is scarcely ever marred by any of those touches of affectation which disfigure the efforts of so many of the lesser Romanticists. M. Notter is, in our opinion, justified in assigning as high a place as possible to *Bertran de Born*, unsurpassed in any language for vigorous beauty; while we think he might have spared his hypercriticism on *Mine Hostess’s Daughter* (*Der Wüthin Tüchlein*), which has been sanctified by the approval of many who never heard of the Romantic or any other school of poetry. As a dramatist, Uhland never attained to any lasting success. His “patriotic” plays of Duke Ernest of Suabia and Ludwig the Bavarian, have not kept the stage, and are generally considered, as is usual with the dramatic attempts of lyric poets, deficient in skill of construction.

The great popularity which surrounded Uhland’s name during the closing years of his life was a tribute paid rather to his personal uprightness and consistency than to any geniality such as is wont to accompany the song-writer’s genius. His manners were unusually stern, and his features hard and uninviting, as appears from the excellent photograph accompanying the present volume. He shunned all kinds of mental outpourings, and had a wholesome horror of flattery, however fair the quarter from whence it came. In a lady’s album he wrote:—

How blest is he repose that wins  
From albums sent him for his sins.

And, in a more serious spirit, he declined an order for literary merit, offered him by the Bavarian Government, in a letter containing the following noble words:—

Contemporaneously with the favour graciously destined for me at Munich, and as unexpectedly, I was elected a member by the Chapter of a Royal Prussian Order founded for a similar purpose. But as the latter election still required the royal confirmation, I seized the opportunity of the matter remaining as yet undecided to inform the authorities of the Chapter that, by accepting such a place of honour, I should put myself in irreconcilable opposition to certain literary and political principles of which I make no show, but which I have never repudiated, if I found myself decorated with tokens of honour at a time when men with whom I went hand in hand as a member of the German National Assembly—not in all, it is true, but yet in many and important matters—are bowed beneath the most oppressive lot.

#### AVIGNON.\*

THIS book, which aspires to be a history as well as a guide, is the laborious work of an Avignonnais, devotedly attached to his native city and to all that concerns or can be imagined to concern it. It has the merit of really conveying a great deal of useful and tolerably accurate information; and, though it first appeared ten years ago, we are not aware that any publication on the same subject has advanced a claim to supersede it. M. Joudou’s error is the common error of French topographers; he aims too high, and is too ambitious to cram his five hundred pages with miscellaneous matter *de omnibus rebus*. We do not in reality acquire a more distinct idea of Avignon by reading a long preliminary chapter on the Gauls and Cymry, on the passage of the Rhone by Hannibal, and the feuds between the Ligurians and the Marseillais. However, these are only the appendages of what is essentially a very useful and interesting aid in exploring one of the most delightful of French cities.

Avignon seems to be but poorly appreciated by large numbers both of French and foreign tourists, though the hardness of their hearts is certainly no loss to others. There are few towns in Europe more free from gaping, conventional admirers than this ancient retreat of the Popes. By far the best way of approaching it is to steam down the Rhone from Lyons—a voyage which may be performed in twelve hours more or less, the height of the water making a considerable difference in the time required. A few more lovely reaches of the broad stream after passing the village of Roquemaure, the point where Hannibal most probably crossed, and Avignon rises slowly into view. Before the Revolution, there were a hundred religious buildings in the city—*la ville sonnante*, as Rabelais called it; and there are even now more *clochers*, perhaps, than in any other French town of the size. The towers and spires group well from the Rhone, and remind one in a vague manner of the distant view of Oxford; but one mighty pile rises pre-eminent over all besides. Whether seen from far or near at hand, the Palace of the Popes produces a grand and unaltering effect. As it first strikes the eye at a bend in the river, a single glance takes in its gigantic proportions. When you have spent days in the place, and have passed under these Cyclopean walls half a hundred times, the sense of vastness and grandeur remains as fresh as ever.

The steamboat comes to its moorings immediately below the Rocher des Doms, a fine bluff of perpendicular rock, two hundred feet above the nearer branch of the Rhone—which is here divided into two wide streams by a green olive-bearing delta of unusual size. The name “des Doms” probably represents “de Dominis,” the “domini” being the Canons of the cathedral, which is called “Notre Dame des Doms.”† From this point a delicious landscape is seen, bounded eastward by the snowy peak and sides of Mont Ventoux, a huge outpost of the Dauphiné Alps, from which the distant Mediterranean is, on a clear day, visible. Behind you, as the hill begins to slope downwards into the town, stands a cathedral, which certainly, on a first view, does not greatly enrapture the beholder. Mr. Dickens, for instance, was not violently enraptured with it, as we gather from the description of Avignon in *Pictures from Italy*. The following brief account of the Notre Dame des Doms really deserves quotation as a model of acute and just remark, and of sound antique rian knowledge:—

It is a *bare old church*, and the paintings in the roof are sadly defaced by time and damp weather; but the sun was shining in splendidly through the red curtains of the windows, and glittering on the altar furniture, and it looked as bright and cheerful as need be.

In the heyday of his popularity, Mr. Dickens would have been believed if he had called the cathedral of Seville a “bare old church.” That he should have found in that of Avignon nothing better to admire than the red curtains and the tinsel of the modern altar shows how much the funny style may do to obscure the most brilliant powers of observation. There are in reality few more interesting churches in Christendom. It is entered by a porch which, if not actually part of an ancient temple of Hercules or Bacchus, is one of the earliest Christian imitations of Roman work, and may have formed part of the church built by Constantine on this site. Frescoes by Simone Memmi, perhaps a pupil of Giotto’s and certainly a humble rival, are still traceable on the tympanum and on several parts of the interior. “I have known,” says Petrarch in one of his letters, “two excellent painters—Giotto, a native of Florence, whose fame among the moderns is immense, and Simone of Siena.” Memmi painted a portrait of Laura which pleased the poet’s fancy, and his name still lives in two of the Sonnets.

On passing into the church, we enter a nave, the whole of the framework of which dates from Charlemagne, or was raised very shortly after his death by bishops making use of his bequests to the cause of church-restoration. The simple, low, twilight arches produce a most impressive effect, which is not spoilt by a quaint balustraded gallery added in the sixteenth century. The small cupola between nave and choir is supported by arches that rise one above the other after a rude, and probably very early, design; and its thick walls are pierced by narrow lights that shed thin rays on the high altar below. A little removed from the altar on the north side is the marble throne of the Popes, plain and

\* *Essai sur l’Histoire de la Ville d’Avignon*. Par J. B. Joudou. Avignon: Theodore Fischer. 1853.

† Other conjectures are, that “des Doms” stands for “de donis,” in allusion to the special favours which the Church has received from heaven; or that “dom” is the Celtic word for “hill,” which appears as “don” or “dun” in the names of several English places.

massive, without ornament, except a relief of the winged bull of St. Luke on one side and the lion of St. Mark on the other. The western tower is little more than four hundred years old. It replaced one that fell suddenly during vespers, perhaps from the shock of an earthquake, in 1405.

The Avignonnais cherish a tradition that this ancient home of the Christian faith was miraculously consecrated by the hand of the Founder himself. The greater sanctity thus thrown around the building explains for them the fact that the Popes, who built several churches and convents in the town, never attempted to touch the cathedral. Firmly believing in the truth of the legend, and with a happy knack at imitating the severe historical style, a learned advocate in the neighbourhood of Avignon has published a careful memoir\* on the subject. The pamphlet has already reached a fifth edition, and we will translate an extract from an old MS. authority quoted by this popular apologist. Having explained that, although the cathedral was as yet unconsecrated, the offices both for day and night were already performed within it on a small portable altar, the writer [temp. Henri IV.] tells his story thus:—

There was at this time in Avignon [early, that is, in the ninth century, for it is of the present building—Charlemagne's church—that the tale is told] a noble lady, who, in her devotion to the Holy Virgin, never failed to be present in the sanctuary Des Doms morning after morning before dawn, as soon as the bells tolled out the hour of the sacred office.

Upon a time it chanced that she heard the bell sound more early than it was wont. It was the middle of the night; but, notwithstanding, she arose, and took her way to the church. All within was lighted up. A pontiff, assisted by consecrated ministers, was performing all round the nave the ceremonies of a solemn dedication; the altar was ready for the holy sacrifice, and in the choir they were chanting the prayers. She became aware that *Matins* were ended, and that the holy Mass was about to begin. And so it came to pass that, soon after, she beheld the pontiff celebrate the divine mysteries according to the accustomed rites. When the moment of the Offertory came, she gave to the sacristan the ring of gold that she was wearing on her finger, for she had nothing else ready to hand, and told him that at day-dawn she would come to reclaim it in exchange for her usual offering. The sacristan gave her to understand that in an appointed place she would find her ring, and that the ring would bear the stamp of certain characters which had been graven behind the altar.

After the ceremony, the pious dame returned home; even yet there was no brightening in the east. What was her surprise when, a few moments afterwards, she heard the cathedral bell toll for *Matins* a second time. It seemed to her like a dream that she had already assisted at the holy Mass, but still she would go to the church. She found there nothing out of the common course; all was in wonted order, and the priests chanted in the choir the office of the morning. Her astonishment was doubled; and she took it on her to ask why, on this special day, contrary to all usage, the office of the morning had been twice celebrated, and, above all, why with such solemnity the first time? They whom she asked were as much astounded as herself, but chiefly when she related all that she had seen, and when in the appointed place the ring was found, bearing the print of characters which all saw carved upon the marble behind the altar, in appearance like letters of Hebrew. Upon that it was understood that the church had been miraculously consecrated.

On the capital of every column in the cloisters, which are now destroyed, the pious advocate goes on to affirm that a right hand was sculptured, "of which two fingers were bent, and the three others extended like those of a bishop when he gives his benediction." It is hard to believe that, in the France of the Second Empire, five editions have been sold of a memoir devoted to the serious support of a legend so simple and dream-like.

For a vivid resuscitation of the past, the plain chanting of the prayers at nine and three in the cathedral at Avignon is more effective than many a more gorgeous ceremonial. The elaborate parade and sometimes admirable music of the Madeleine or of St. Germain l'Auxerrois are weak beside the charm of these simple services. As the clock strikes the hour, four or five canons with their attendant deacons issue from the sacristy, once an antechamber of the vast palace adjoining. Over the customary vestments of his office, each canon wears a long full scarlet robe—a badge peculiar to this among all the churches of Christendom, and a sole relic of the glories of the fourteenth century, when every stall might hold a Cardinal. After the usual obeisance to the high altar, the little band retire to the seats ranged round the apse, and for three-quarters of an hour, with slender organ accompaniment, they sing a few unadorned chants that were probably already old in the time of Charlemagne. From your chair in the nave you see the ancient figures, in square skull-cap and scarlet gown, looking as if some spell had bound them there five hundred years ago, and forbidden them to move or to cease their song.

We shall not follow the example of M. Joudou, and plod through a weary chronicle of every wall and gable in the gigantic Palace of the Popes—*ce colosse monumental qui domine la cité, qu'on aperçoit de loin comme les pyramides du désert, cette montagne de pierres, hérissée de tours et de murs crénelés*. From a written description the reader would gather a rather less satisfactory idea of the majestic building than he would gain from the chattering *conciérge*, which is saying a great deal. That aged functionary, having passed six years from 1808 as a war-prisoner in England, thinks it right to vary his remarks with such English phrases as remain to him after half a century. In this manner he succeeds in worse confounding a medley of unconnected details relating to John XXII., Benedict XII., and Innocent VI., the successive founders of different divisions in the great pile. He is in particular attached to the name of the first of these Popes, and it is thought that, when at length he disappears to become a *conciérge* among ghosts, his last words will be "Jean Vingt-Deux." However, not even

his pattering explanations can destroy the profound effect of a visit to those vast chambers and colossal towers. The grand machicolated walls are a *hundred* feet in height; the towers not far short of two hundred. The palace is now partly a barrack, with ample accommodation for an entire regiment, and partly a prison. Over the barrack, the largest and most striking section of the whole, you are freely conducted. The magnificent Salle du Consistoire, which in the days of its glory must have been the finest chamber ever built, is now divided into two stories—the lower a guard-room, the upper a dormitory. In other rooms, where Petrarch and Giotto might have conversed, soldiers are taking their siesta, or cleaning accoutrements, or practising the horn. One fine old groined chamber serves as the hospital; and a small balcony, where a knot of fellows are smoking their pipes, marks the point from which the Papal benediction used to be pronounced over the crowd kneeling below.

At length the noises of the barrack die away, as you ascend a long staircase and emerge on to the top of the Tour Trouillas. The view from this height is unspeakably beautiful. The picturesque Rhone valley spreads on every side of the steeples and towers and house-roofs clustered below; the junction of the Durance with the Rhone is distinctly visible a few miles down the stream; and the delicious mountain-lines skirting the eastern horizon, and overtopping the broken heights of the nearer distance, are crowned by the noble summit of Mont Ventoux. Several frescoes remain in a dilapidated condition on the walls of the Salle du Consistoire, and other parts of the palace. But the hand of Giotto was probably never employed upon them, as he died in 1336, before being able to enter on the elaborate commission with which Benedict XII. wished to entrust him. The Salle de la Question, with the holes still visible for the adjustment of the pointed stake of impalement, recalls the horrors of the Inquisition. The Salle Brulée tells a tale of the violence of the Pope's viceregents. It was almost entirely destroyed in 1441 by the Legate Pierre de Lude, who blew it up to revenge a private feud, while several Avignonnais nobles were at banquet within it. And the Tour de la Glacière was until lately marked with the stains of the revolutionary outrages of 1791. After scenes like these, a regiment of drum-beating horn-blowing French soldiers seems peaceful enough; and the talk at Avignon is that even they are shortly to be removed elsewhere, and to be replaced by a still more peaceful tenant, in the person of the Archbishop. Such an arrangement would be creditable to the Government, and would probably lead, under a series of intelligent prelates, to sound measures for the preservation and repair of this grand mediæval monument.

At Avignon one naturally thinks of Petrarch, and of Laura, who was a married lady of a good Avignon family. But the memorials of the poet's history, in and near the town, are not worth much. The Fountain of Vaucluse is now the scene of unnumbered picnics, the goal of every *calèche* that can be pressed into the service of visitors who, when they reach the beautiful nook, think more (as Mr. Murray's writer says) of the fried trout and eels than of the pretty Sorgues stream and the great man who loved it. Laura's tomb in the church of the Cordeliers was destroyed in 1791 by the *Septembriseurs*; and a cast of her profile in relief, deposited in the local Museum, is all that remains now to be seen. A less conventional tribute to Petrarch than the pilgrimage to Vaucluse may be paid by making a few days' sojourn in the city of his choice, and by tranquilly drinking in the associations of the place.

#### SOMERSETSHIRE ARCHEOLOGICAL PROCEEDINGS\*

THE present volume of the Proceedings of the Somersetshire antiquaries and naturalists well deserves attention beyond the limits of the county which it immediately concerns. A description of the Bishop's Palace at Wells, from the hand of Mr. Parker, and profusely illustrated with woodcuts, is a really important contribution to architectural knowledge. Wells, as is well known, is the most perfect example of the buildings and arrangements of a great secular College, as distinguished from a Monastery. No other Cathedral retains so many of its accompanying buildings in so perfect a state, or so largely applied to their original use. Of these various buildings—Palace, Deanery, Vicars' College, &c.—Mr. Parker has undertaken to be the historian, and of one of them to be more than the historian. In marked opposition to the barbarous stupidity which last year destroyed one ancient house, and which still threatens—if only by sheer neglect—the destruction of another, Mr. Parker has purchased the lease of a portion of the Vicars' College, and has restored it in the most complete and sumptuous manner, at his own cost. Such a specimen of the taste and liberality of our great domestic antiquary naturally called forth universal admiration at the successful meeting of the Society which has just ended. Indeed, it would seem almost impossible that, with such an example before his eyes, and with the universal feeling expressed on the subject, anybody can again threaten any one of the mediæval buildings of the city with destruction, or can entertain any silly schemes for destroying the effect of the Cathedral by isolating it from the subordinate buildings which are its natural companions.

The meeting which has just ended was perhaps more attractive than any local meeting ever held, and was especially remarkable for the unusual gathering of distinguished antiquaries not belonging to the county. Professor Willis came and expounded the Cathedral—

\* *Mémoire sur la Consécration Miraculeuse de la Basilique Métropolitaine de Notre Dame des Doms, à Avignon*. Cinquième édition, revue, corrigée, et notablement augmentée. Marseille: 1862.

\* *Somersetshire Archeological and Natural History Society. Proceedings during the Years 1861-2*. Vol. XI. Taunton: May. London: Bell & Daldy. 1863.



an honour which we believe he has never before shown to any purely local Society. Mr. Parker—who indeed can no longer be looked on as a stranger—explained all the domestic antiquities; and much historical matter was communicated by Mr. Stubbs and Mr. George Williams. The antiquaries of Somersetshire are far from a weak body in themselves, but they were naturally glad of such powerful reinforcements from distant counties. This is just what these local Societies want, and what they so seldom get, the interchange of thought and observation by persons whose researches are carried on in different parts of the kingdom—in the case of Mr. Williams, we might say, in different quarters of the globe.

Mr. Parker, then, has mastered and described all the domestic antiquities of the city, but the present volume contains only his account of the Palace; the Deanery and other houses being reserved for the publications of future years. Few large mediæval houses which are still inhabited have suffered so little injury as the Palace of Wells. Close under the shadow of the Cathedral, yet still surrounded by its walls, towers, and moat, it completely carries one back to days when even a Bishop in his own city might find it necessary to stand on the defensive against temporal enemies. A visitor from Massachusetts was lately so struck with its military character that he said that it was a dwelling fit for no Bishop except Bishop Leonidas Polk. And yet, to mediæval eyes, the military character of the Palace is very slight. It is not a castle, but only a fortified house—two things which, as the architectural antiquary knows, are widely different. It is not a fortress to overawe the city, but simply a house slightly fortified because defence might haply be necessary. The original house of the thirteenth century is still lived in, and the only great loss is the shattered condition of the great hall and other state apartments, additions or reconstructions of the next generation. These were dismantled by Sir John Gates when the Palace was for a short time alienated from the See during the spoliations of the reign of Edward VI.

In the architectural description of such a building Mr. Parker is thoroughly in his element, and woodcuts of almost every portion of the Palace will bring it vividly before the eyes even of those who have never seen it. But in connecting the history of the Palace with the history of the See, Mr. Parker is less happy. Thus he tells us:—

The buildings of Wells are not monastic at all; here we have no dormitory, no refectory, none of the buildings essential for the monastic system. Each canon had his separate house from the beginning; these establishments for the secular clergy were distinctly opposed to the monks. An attempt had been made in Wells to establish the monastic system in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The monks of Glastonbury had struggled hard to obtain possession of it, and to make the bishop one of their own body, but they had failed, and before the commencement of the present buildings the matter had been settled. The monastic buildings which had been erected at Wells were destroyed, the bishopric remained independent of the monks, and the monks of Glastonbury were obliged to give up to the cathedral chapter, or the bishop's council, certain manors. These were Winscombe, Pucklechurch, Blackford, and Cranmore, which were ceded to Bishop Joceline and his successors for ever, and the addition of these important manors supplied the chapter with funds to enable them to commence their new buildings.

Mr. Parker is perfectly right in distinguishing the houses of the secular canons at Wells from the monastic buildings at Glastonbury and elsewhere. But he has rather confounded two periods in the history of the See. There was no time when the monks of Glastonbury struggled hard to obtain possession of the church of Wells, and it is going too far to say that there ever were any monastic buildings to destroy. At the end of the eleventh century, the Lotharingian Bishop Giso tried to bring the canons of Wells under a stricter rule—perhaps, as Mr. Stubbs suggested at the meeting, the rule of his countryman, Chrodegang of Metz. To this end he built a cloister, hall, and dormitory, and would of course have enforced a common collegiate life upon the canons. Now, it is highly probable that this was only putting in the small end of the wedge, and that, if successful, it would have been followed by a direct attempt to turn the canons into actual monks; but of itself it cannot be called "an attempt to establish the monastic system." And the collegiate buildings erected by Giso were pulled down by the next Bishop, long before the disputes between Wells and Glastonbury about a hundred years later. Of these disputes Mr. Parker seems not to have fully understood the nature. The monks of Glastonbury had no wish to make the Bishop one of their own body, but quite the contrary. Bishop Savaric attempted to annex the Abbey of Glastonbury to the Bishopric, and to make the church of Glastonbury a third cathedral. In this he for a time succeeded, and under him, and in the first years of his successor Joceline, Glastonbury actually formed part of the episcopal style. But the monks of Glastonbury resisted all along, and at last succeeded in again severing their Abbey from the Bishopric. In fact, they purchased the separation by yielding certain manors and advowsons to the See. It was not, then, that the Bishop remained independent of the monks, but that the monks remained independent of the Bishop.

The domestic work of Joceline at Wells, and the small remains of his manor-house at the neighbouring village of Woolkey, are both in the same style as the west front of the Cathedral. This, as has often been remarked, is the form of Early English usual elsewhere, and forms a marked contrast to the local style which prevails in the rest of the Cathedral, as well as at Glastonbury, Llandaff, and other great churches of Somersetshire and South Wales. The difference between the two is perceptible at a glance, and is now generally understood, but it has hitherto been a moot point which of the two was the earlier in these particular buildings at Wells. This question Professor Willis seems to have

satisfactorily decided. The local style appears to have been first employed, and then exchanged for the richer and more advanced, though perhaps less dignified, style which was in common use throughout England.

Among the historical papers in this volume, a space very disproportionate to its importance is given to an account of Cannington Priory by the Rev. Thomas Hugo. This sort of paper forms the standing difficulty of Societies of this kind. Mr. Hugo is one of that sort of contributors who are frightful bores, but whom, at the same time, it is utterly impossible to snub. You cannot put down a man of genuine and independent research, who has gathered together a vast mass of information which in the hands of another man might be of real use. At the same time it is a hard fate to have yearly to hear and to print very long discourses on very small subjects, wholly without judgment or criticism, and written at once in a turgid style and with a ludicrous partiality to one side. All that is worth knowing about Cannington Priory might have been got into a nutshell. In the hands of Mr. Hugo it swells into 121 octavo pages, and we are left at the end utterly in the dark whether the existing parish church of Cannington be the Priory church or not. Mr. Hugo's lack of criticism is shown by the following example. There is a tradition, allowed by himself to be a mere legend, which makes Cannington the place of birth, and its Priory the place of education, of the famous Rosamond Clifford. Mr. Hugo seizes on this tradition to tell over again the whole tale of Rosamond, Henry, and St. Hugh. He does go so far as to see that the part which the story attributes to Queen Eleanor is probably fictitious, but this is merely because it is not in the chronicle, which he seemingly looks on as the real work of Abbot Brompton. He has not criticism enough to see that the whole story in Brompton is mythical, and utterly inconsistent with chronology. And it is hardly to be believed that a man who has turned over many books, printed and manuscript, actually explains the name Rosamond as "*Rosa mundi*, the rose of the world." A professed panegyrist of nuns ought not to despise a female teacher, and we strongly recommend Mr. Hugo to go and study Miss Yonge.

In this same volume, a writer of a different stamp from Mr. Hugo, the Rev. J. R. Green, makes what we believe is his first appearance in a paper of great promise, headed "Dunstan at Glastonbury." The difference between Mr. Hugo and Mr. Green is simply this, that the one knows what to do with his knowledge and the other does not. Mr. Hugo's research is undoubted, but he is overwhelmed by the mass of his own information, and he has no power of discriminating between one authority and another. Mr. Green, on the other hand, is a real critic of a good school; moreover, he is no partisan, but is ready to recognise good and evil wherever he sees it. In his present essay, he gives us a clear and vivid portrait of Dunstan as described by his earliest biographer, before his history was corrupted by the traditions and inventions of hagiologists. It is wonderful what great portions of history can be recovered from the wilds of fable by the simple process of thinking when authors wrote and what means they had of knowing the truth. And it is no less wonderful how difficult it is to make, not only the unlearned, but often men of real attainments, understand the wide difference in value between one ancient writer and another. The whole splendid romance of Thierry, for instance, vanishes before the application on a large scale of the same test which Mr. Green here applies on a small one. Mr. Green, by simply going to the fountain-head, by taking his idea of Dunstan from the one extant account of him which was written while his memory was still fresh, does nothing less than change the Dunstan of legend into the Dunstan of history. Nor are Mr. Green's merits less when looked at as one treating a local subject before a local body. Instead of the dull accumulation of isolated facts which is the usual sin of local antiquaries, he thus gives us the results of his inquiries, forming a vivid picture of Somersetshire as it was at the birth of Dunstan:—

We claim him as a Somerset man, but we must not confound the Somerset of the tenth century with the Somerset of to-day. In the forest near Malmesbury and the masses of wood beneath the edge of the chalk downs of Wiltshire still linger the scanty remains of the great forest which, bent like a bow from Severn to Selwood, must have greatly narrowed Somerset to the north-east and the north; westward, its boundary was the Parrett; the Bryt-welch wandered either free, or as nominal tributaries from Quantock to Exeter; and Glastonbury in Dunstan's day was still "in West-Saxonum Finibus." The little vill marked a stage in the long history of the West-Saxon Conquest, a history very difficult to follow in the meagre notices of the national chronicle. The Conquest was protracted through a century and a half by the external and internal hindrances of the conquerors, by endless wars with Sussex, by a life and death struggle with Mercia. . . . This protracted Conquest was the root of the after supremacy of Wessex. Long after external aggrandisement had ceased elsewhere, while the other English kingdoms were wasting their strength in internecine wars, Wessex had new march lands to share among his victorious soldiers. Each successive wave of invasion has left its mark in the local names of the district over which it passed, and the varying proportion of these to the Celtic or other non-English names around them throws a little light on the character of the Conquest. . . . The "tons" and "hams" of the settlers were the seed-plots of a new life before which the old Romanised Somerset was passing away. The new settlers left the towns to themselves, and toiled among their British serfs at husbandry as heartily as they had toiled at war. No picture better illustrates the life of the early English settler than that of the Icelandic in the Saga of Burnt Njal, sowing the seed with one hand and holding his bare sword with the other. Irish pilgrims wandered from hamlet to hamlet, and the gypsy-like court of the king settled at vill after vill till the beehives were all slaughtered, and the meal-pitchers empty. Meanwhile the great towns, the villas, the industrial works of the Roman era fell, unheeded, into decay. Bath was dwindling away, though still great enough for the coronation of a king. The peasant toiled, among the ruins of Ilchester, the curious legend of the birds and the blazing brands which probably illustrates

the mode of its capture. Bristol was not as yet, and not a town rose among the villages and hamlets between Bath and Exeter. The country houses of the great provincials, which had studded so thickly the face of the country, lay burnt or in decay. The mines of Mendip and Brendon, whence their wealth had been drawn, were abandoned or forgotten. The sea burst again through the neglected barriers, and the Tor rose like an island out of a waste of flood-drowned fen and marsh that stretched westward to the channel.

Almost the only suggestion we have to make to Mr. Green is that in future contributions he should adopt some certain system of spelling Old-English names. We are fully convinced that perfect consistency can only be obtained by keeping to the genuine spelling of the Chronicle. Still, if people will either Latinize or modernize, it should be done thoroughly. Such a form as *Eadgiva* for *Eadgifu* is worse than the Latinized *Edgiva*. We should not have both *Edmund* and *Eadmund* in the same page; nor should names beginning with *Ædel-* be indifferently written *Athel-*, *Ethel-*, and *Edel-*. Mr. Green, writing from various authors, Latin and English, has probably followed in each case the book which he had before him. Still, so to do introduces a certain appearance of carelessness into an otherwise very masterly essay.

Another writer, equally promising with Mr. Green, but in quite another line, is Mr. W. B. Dawkins, who, in fellowship with several other inquirers, has been working well and successfully at the "Hyena Den" at Wookey Hole. The labours of Mr. Dawkins introduce us to a picture of Somersetshire scenery, beginning at an unfathomable antiquity, but coming down almost to the point at which the subject is taken up by the biographer of St. Dunstan:—

Let us now attempt to realise the strange inhabitants of our country during the later Pliocene bone-cave period. The relations between land and water are changed. A level plain extends westward into the Bristol Channel, and, possibly, far away into the Atlantic. Forests of beech, and yew, and thickets of hazel occupy the drier ground; the willow, the fir-tree, and the alder fringe the swamps; here and there upon the mountain patches of greensward peep from among the trees, while bare grey masses of limestone on the mountain side are brought out into strong relief by the surrounding woods. Some of the lowlands, also, are treeless, and form prairies, miniatures of those of North America. Thus far we are, to a certain degree, at home, the trees and even the mosses, and, probably, also, the wild flowers are the same! even the main features of the landscape are identical. The Quantocks, and the Mendips, and the Blackdowns are still overlooking the level plain at their feet. Thus far, but no farther. In the forests lurk the lion and the bear, ready to spring on the rhinoceros, and the deer, and the gigantic ox as they pass to their watering-places; wolves hunt down the reindeer; the hyænas, issuing at the approach of night from their dens, drag back again mammoth or rhinoceros from the woodlands, or red deer, Irish elk and reindeer, but more frequently horses, from the plain, and hesitate not to attack lion or bear, even in their prime. In the woodlands the mammoth, shielded by a woolly covering from the inclemency of this northern climate, browses off the young shoots of our present trees; horses wander over the open plain. In the foreground stands man, fire-using, and acquainted with the use of the bow, but far worse armed with his puny weapons of flint, and chert, and bone, than his contemporaries with their sharp claws and strong teeth. And the very fact that he held his ground against them shows that cunning and craft more than compensated for the deficiency of his armament. He was, indeed, in a worse situation than the bushmen of Port Natal, for they have to contend against less formidable wild beasts. Yet even here we find that the relation between herbivore and carnivore remains constant, though the terms vary. As the deer and mammoth were larger than in existing nature, so was the destructive capacity and the size of those animals which preyed upon them—the lion, wolf, bear, and hyæna—proportionably increased.

Next comes a blank, a period about the duration of which no estimate can be formed, but that it was enormous there can be little doubt, for in it the cave lion, bear, and hyæna, the rhinoceros, and the elephant became extinct. That it was a period of submergence is shown by the submarine forest overlying the *Elephas primigenius* clay on the north coast of St. Audries. Next came an upheaval (which I believe to be going on now) during which the shingle and the sand, containing recent marine shells, in places far inland—as, for example, at Westonzoyland, Middlezoy, and Burtle—were first formed, and afterwards the alternation of fine alluvial clay and peat, in the latter of which canoes, celts, and other traces of man are found. The pottery and human teeth found by Dr. Buckland in the great cave unassociated with the remains of animals in all probability is of the same date. And lastly, the discovery of the coins of Allectus "Comes Littoris Saxonici," along with the skeletons near the hyæna-den, brings us down to the fourth or fifth century.

#### PARIS IN AMERICA.\*

THE remarkable success which M. Laboulaye's political satire has met with in Paris is easily intelligible, even if we are unable to discover in it any corresponding merits either of thought or style. In spite of all appearances to the contrary, the Parisians are profoundly discontented with the political condition of their country; and the fact of M. Laboulaye's singularly outspoken invective against the present system of administration having rapidly passed through five editions may be taken as a kind of pendant to the moral of the recent elections. Under any other circumstances, *Paris en Amérique* must have been horribly unpalatable to the vainest nation in the world. A Frenchman is always ready to enjoy an epigram pointed at his rulers, and not even the power and glory of Louis XIV. could protect him against the wit and railery of his subjects; but the case is commonly very different when the point of the epigram is drawn from the superiority of another nation. Delighted as all Paris has ever been to laugh over the bitter sayings of disaffected wits, only a few men could tolerate the exaltation of foreigners even in those respects where their own evil case was confessed. The prevailing discontent must therefore have become rather portentous, or else M. Laboulaye's denunciation of the French system of government and his enthusiastic eulogy of everything American would have been treated as the impudent calumny of a political fanatic. The Parisians must be curiously disturbed and perplexed to greet with such favour a book which says very plainly that the institutions of the most highly civilized people in Europe are the most utterly

detestable that can be imagined, while those of the barbarous Yankees are absolutely perfect.

But apart from the significance of its popularity in France, *Paris in America* is a rather remarkable production from other points of view. M. Laboulaye is Professor of Comparative Legislation in the Collège de France, and is well known as the author of numerous works on questions of law, politics, and history. The translator tells us that he is called in Paris "le plus Américain de tous les Français," and that Americans in that city refuse to believe that he has never crossed the Atlantic, so profound and minute is his acquaintance with the working of American institutions. Yet such is the case. For ourselves, after reading the work before us, we can well believe that M. Laboulaye has never been in America. It is precisely such a book as a man would write who had not visited the country he was writing about, but, after French fashion, had sedulously read all the books on it and ransacked files of its newspapers. To have produced so vivid a picture of the institutions of the United States from such confined sources is no doubt a very clever feat, but the knowledge that all the writer's observations are based on this slender foundation may well tend to impair the reader's confidence in them. If M. Laboulaye had been writing a commentary upon the political constitution of America, this want of personal observation would have been no hindrance to the successful achievement of his object. In that case, he would have accepted certain accessible data, and argued from them. But, as it is, he professes to be reproducing actual life in America, just as Becker thought he was reproducing the actual life of the ancients in *Gallus* and *Charicles*. The whole force of the argument lies in the different influences exerted by two systems of policy upon the daily lives of two nations; and this force is naturally much weakened when we reflect that the whole account of one of these influences is drawn either from the author's imagination, uncorrected by personal observation, or second-hand from the representations of the people who are most warmly interested in extolling their own system.

The constructive part of M. Laboulaye's satire is decidedly ingenious in conception. A Parisian is supposed to be transported in the night, with all his household and family, by the operation of a spiritual and transcendental medium, to the city of Paris in Massachusetts. He awakes in the morning, and is horrified to see a negro grinning and dancing at the foot of his bed. Springing out of bed, he rushes to the glass, and sees, instead of the Parisian of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, "a lank man with a bald forehead, sprinkled with a few red hairs, and a freckled face, framed with flaming whiskers, which fluttered upon the shoulders." At length he recognises the hand of the malignant medium, and determines to bear his calamity with fortitude, and to show the barbarians among whom he has been thrown the superiority in all respects of the habits and views of the Old World. His name has been changed from Lefebvre to Smith, and he talks English. On seeking his wife, he finds that she has the same face and features as in the Old World, only the end of her nose has become somewhat reddened; but there was, at the same time, "an indescribable calmness and limpidity in the glance, gentleness in the speech, and affection in the gesture, which had never been remarked in our household in ancient Paris." Instead of wrangling with the nurse, which had been Madame Lefebvre's favourite pursuit for two or three hours every morning, Mrs. Smith was at this moment tying up a shapeless mass of dough in a napkin, which she afterwards deposited with care in a pot full of water, on a furnace so complete that the author doubts whether Satan himself, "with all the resources at his disposal," ever invented a better. After the furnace, Dr. Smith marvels over all the other extraordinary domestic contrivances for which American houses are famous. Then, while breakfast is preparing, he reads the newspaper. The motto happens to be—"The world is governed too much."

All the journal was in this deplorable tone. Nothing escaped the invectives of this miserable gazetteer. Such a law was abominable, because it encroached on the free action of the citizens; such a magistrate was a Jeffries or Laubardemont, because he set an innocent snare for the knave who was confided to justice; such a mayor was an ignoramus or a Verres, because he granted to right-minded stockholders a monopoly advantageous to all, as monopolies always are. Must one take the trouble to govern men daily to encounter such abuse?

"Wretched pamphleteer," I exclaimed, "if thou hadst the honour of living among the most amiable and enlightened people on earth, thou wouldst know from thy birth that to criticise the law, the judge, or the office-holder is a crime of social treason. The first dogma of a civilized people is the infallibility of authority."

Thus indignant and discomfited, the quondam subject of a paternal Government proceeds to inquire for his son, and is informed that he is preparing his speech for the Academy of Young Readers, on "the Moral Education of Women considered as Instructresses of the Human Race."

"Hang thyself, Cherubim (sic.)!" exclaimed I. "At sixteen, if we thought of anything, it was not certainly, like my son, of the moral!"

The mother, checking this profane speech, then says that the son wishes to enter some business at once; whereupon the father exclaims complacently that he has taken all the precautions to have his son nominated for a Government bureau, in which, after passing many examinations, he will at thirty-five be in the possession, like his godfather, of a salary of ninety-six pounds per annum; and he already sees the future official, "gentle, humble, polite, and complaisant towards his superiors—rigid, severe, and majestic towards his inferiors." M. Laboulaye's hatred of French officials is quite extraordinary, and the bitter contempt with which he speaks alike of their manners and their position, here and in other places, seems to suggest some personal grievance; perhaps

\* *Paris in America*. By Edouard Laboulaye. Translated by Mary L. Booth. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co. 1863.



he has been overcharged for passing sausage-meat through the barrier. Next, the wretched Parisian demands his daughter:—

"Susan is at her lesson in hygiene and anatomy."  
"Anatomy! Good God! My daughter at nineteen learning anatomy! She is dissecting, perhaps."  
"What is the matter, my dear?" returned my wife, with a calmness which brought me back to realities. "Susan will some day have children. Do you wish her to bring them up and attend to them blindly, without knowing anything of their constitution? Have you not said a hundred times in her presence that the study of the human body is a necessary part of a good education?"

Then, to his intense horror, he finds that Susan wants to be married to the ninth son of an apothecary, while the predestined sub-chief of a bureau goes into the grocery business. And in this way the satirist illustrates the difference between the family life of an American citizen and that of the Parisian bourgeois. The one has a career of wealth and influence before him, attended by every kind of domestic comfort, while the other lounges away life on the boulevards or in the Bois, lodges in rooms "a hundred and ten steps high," is waited on by rascally lacqueys, humiliates himself by running after the invitations of men whom he despises, and is thoroughly miserable. It is very curious that a Frenchman should ever have been brought to admit that Parisian delights are a sheer chimera, and still more so that the book in which he announces this profound heresy should have acquired such an immediate and wide popularity.

But it is not only in domestic comfort that the execrated rule of doing things because other people do them sinks the Frenchman below the Yankee. It is to politics that we must go if we would really see the grandeur of the principle of individuality at its height. And, accordingly, the puzzled Smith takes part in all the various functions of American citizenship. Being a citizen, he finds himself a fireman, in which capacity his French blood comes to be very useful, no Saxon being able to vie with the Celt in gay audacity and enterprise. The gallant Smith hears that a child has been abandoned in a burning house, and, exclaiming in thoroughly Gallic style, "I'm a father; I will not let this child die," rushes bravely into the flames to its rescue. This is instantly noised abroad by means of the newspaper; and when Smith calls to thank the editor for his complimentary account of the exploit, an admirable opportunity offers for a discussion of the advantages of a free press, the *ci-devant* Gaul representing the Persigny theory, and Mr. Truth taking the opposite side, and showing that the press is the prime means by which a people is able to govern itself. The disciple of the Empire naturally asks, if society governs, who then are the governed? The editor replies, that as the individual governs his own passions and regulates his own conduct without running in leading strings, so a nation, which is a simple collection of individuals, is capable of ruling itself:—

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, weary of arguing with this narrow mind. "To rid themselves of private interests, what is the magical word invoked by all statesmen? The general interest. When it is wished to annul rights and petitions which incommode the government, what is alleged? A superior interest, the social interest. Public utility is the negation of individual rights; such, at least, is the manner of reasoning and acting in all civilized countries."

There is a passage in the late Mr. John Austin's Jurisprudence, with which M. Laboulaye is very probably familiar, in which the writer exemplifies the proneness of plain and palpable truths to slip away from the memory by the ancient notion of the public good:—"The only substantial interests were the victims of a barren abstraction, of a sounding but empty phrase; and the happiness of the individual citizens was sacrificed without scruple in order that the common weal might wax and prosper."

We cannot attempt to follow the metamorphosed Lefebvre through all the panegyrics upon American institutions which he is compelled reluctantly to listen to, or all the satire upon the institutions of France which he unconsciously pronounces. In religion, in elections, in their newspapers, in education, and, above all, in the administration of justice, the citizens of the United States have discovered the true principle; while France, obeying a principle directly opposed to this, is crushed beneath a miserable and degrading despotism. In America, the individual is everything; the Government and the official are nothing. This, it must be confessed, reads very curiously at the present moment, when not only the individual, but the Federated State, is deprived of every right by the clique at Washington and their military representatives; but M. Laboulaye is too headlong an enthusiast to be daunted by a few facts of contemporary history. And it must be owned that, if rather too wild and indiscriminating in his eulogy of America, he is not at all too bitter against the pernicious theories of paternal government at home. Centralization in principle, and gross official tyranny in practice, can scarcely be too vehemently exposed and denounced in France, and on this account M. Laboulaye may well be forgiven if he has exaggerated the excellences and overlooked the vices of the once great Western democracy.

From a literary point of view, his book does not rank very high. The construction is, as has been said, ingenious enough in conception, but the author is rather tame in developing it; and we are reminded throughout how different a result Swift would have produced with the same material and the same machinery. The wit is by no means of a high order, and some of it is borrowed. For example, the old story about the Quaker giving the dog an ill name is actually brought in as an incident occurring in Dr. Smith's own house. Of course, the English come in for a share of criticism. We learn that, "had it not been for the Dissenters, who are the salt of the earth, England would have long since been fossilized like ancient Egypt." And, again, we are told that

before ten years have passed, there will not be a single school in England where the sexes are not together:—

Have you read *Tom Brown*? It is enough to make us blush for civilization. I had rather live among the Redskins than the schoolboys of Eton and Rugby.

This may be, but Englishmen will continue to prefer the healthy Redskins of Eton and Rugby either to the old men of eighteen, with diseased minds and unwholesome bodies, whom the French schools breed, or to the young Yankees, with all their Emersonian jargon and their infinite human souls and tall talk.

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1 Pair of Sugar Tongs.....	0 2 0	0 3 0	0 3 0	0 4 0
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